

self or would you mind your self? you will be yourself when home again, and I will be myself again when I am away. I am not so fond of home as you are, and enjoy self more than self miles off. I like to go about alone with my own thoughts and feelings, now finding less need to carry a burden. I like to have time alone to think over my past life, and to plan for the future. I like to have time alone to think over my past life, and to plan for the future.

## THE

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*"For Percival."*

## CHAPTER IV.

## WISHING WELL AND ILL.



OTTIE'S birthday had dawned, the fresh morning hours had slipped away, the sun had declined from his mid-day splendour into golden afternoon, and yet to Lottie herself the day seemed scarcely yet begun. Its crowning delight was to be a dance given in her honour, and she awaited that dance with feverish anxiety.

It was nearly three o'clock when the dog-cart from Brackenhill came swiftly along the dusty road. It was nearing its destination; already there were distant glimpses of Forderborough with its white suburban

villas. Percival Thorne thoroughly enjoyed the bright June weather, the cloudless blue, the clear singing of the birds, the whisper of the leaves, the universal sweetness from far-off fields and blossoms near at hand. He gazed at the landscape with eyes that seemed to be looking at something far away, and yet they were observant enough to note a figure crossing a neighbouring field. It was but a momentary vision, and the expression of his face did not vary in the slightest degree, but he turned to the man at his side, and spoke in his leisurely fashion. "I'll get down

here, and walk the rest of the way. You may take my things to Mr Hardwicke's."

The man took the reins, but he looked round in some wonder, as if seeking the cause of the order. His curiosity was unsatisfied. The slim girlish figure had vanished behind a clump of trees, and nothing was visible that could in any way account for so sudden a change of purpose. Glancing back as he drove off, he saw only Mr. Percival Thorne, darkly conspicuous on the glaring road, standing where he had alighted, and apparently lost in thought. The roan horse turned a corner, the sound of wheels died away in the distance, and Percival walked a few steps in the direction of Brackenhill, reached a stile, leaned against it and waited.

"Many happy returns of the day to you!" he said, as the girl, whom he had seen, came along the field-path. Light leafy shadows wavered on her as she walked, and, all unconscious of his presence, she was softly whistling an old tune.

The colour rushed to her face, and she stopped short. "Percival! You here?" she said.

"Yes—did I startle you? I was driving into the town, and saw you in the distance. I could not do less—could I?—than stop then and there to pay my respects to the queen of the day. And what a glorious day it is!"

Lottie sprang over the stile, and looked up and down the road. "Oh, you are going to walk?" she said.

"I'm going to walk—yes. But what brings you here, wandering about the fields to-day?"

She had recovered her composure, and looked up at him with laughing eyes. "It is wretched indoors. They are so busy fussing over things for to-night, you know."

"Exactly what I thought you would be doing too."

"I? Oh, mamma said I wasn't a bit of use, and Addie said that I was more than enough to drive Job out of his mind. The fact was I upset one of her flower vases. And afterwards—well, afterwards—I broke a big china bowl."

"I begin to understand," said Percival thoughtfully, "that they might feel able to get on without your help."

"Yes, perhaps they might. But they needn't have made such a noise about the thing—as if nobody could enjoy the dance to-night because a china bowl was smashed! Such rubbish! What could it matter?"

"Was it something unique?"

"Oh, it was worse than that," she answered frankly. "It was one of a set. But I don't see why one can't be just as happy without a complete set of everything."

"There I agree with you," he replied. "I certainly can't say that my happiness is bound up with crockery of any kind. And, do you know, Lottie, I'm rather glad it was one of a set. Otherwise your

mother might have known that there was something magical about it, but one of a set is prosaic—isn't it? Suppose it had been a case of

"If this glass doth fall  
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

"Well, the luck would have been in uncommonly little bits," she replied. "I smashed it on a stone step, and they were so cross that I was crosser, so I said I would come out for a walk."

"And do you feel any better?" he asked in an anxious voice.

"Yes, thank you. Being in the open air has done me good."

"Then may I go with you? Or will nothing short of solitude effect a complete cure?"

"You may come," she said, gravely. "That is if you are not afraid of the remains of my ill-temper."

"No—I'm not afraid. I don't make light of your anger, but I believe I'm naturally very brave. Where are we going?"

She hesitated a moment, then looked up at him. "Percival, isn't this the way to the wishing-well? Ever since we came to Fordborough, three months ago, I've wanted to go there. Do you know where it is?"

"Oh yes, I know it. It is about a mile from here, or perhaps a little more. That won't be too far for you, will it?"

"Too far!" She laughed outright. "Why, I could walk ten times as far, and dance all night afterwards!"

"Then we'll go," said Percival. And, crossing the road, they passed into the fields on the opposite side. A pathway, too narrow for two to walk abreast, led them through a wide sea of corn, where the flying breezes were betrayed by delicate tremulous waves. Lottie led the way, putting out her hand, from time to time, as she went, and brushing the bloom from the softly swaying wheat. She was silent. Fate had befriended her strangely in this walk. The loneliness of the sunlit fields was far better for her purpose than the crowd and laughter of the evening, but her heart almost failed her, and, with childish superstition, she resolved that she would not speak the words which trembled on her lips, until she and Percival should have drunk together of the wishing-well. He followed her, silent too. He was well satisfied to be with his beautiful school-girl friend, free to speak or hold his peace as he chose. Freedom was the great charm of his friendship with Lottie, freedom from restraint and responsibility. For if Percival was serenely happy and assured on any single point, he was so with regard to his perfect comprehension of the Blakes in general, and Lottie in particular. He had some idea of giving his cousin Horace a word of warning on the subject of Mrs. Blake's designs. He quite understood that good lady's feelings concerning himself. "I'm nobody," he thought. "I'm not to be thrown over because I introduced Horace to them; besides, I'm an additional link between Fordborough and Brackenhill, and Mrs. Blake would give her ears to know Aunt Middleton. And I am no trouble so long as I am

satisfied to amuse myself with Lottie. In fact, I am rather useful. I keep the child out of mischief, and I don't give her black eyes as that Wingfield boy did." And from this point Percival would glide into vague speculation as to Lottie's future. He was inclined to think that the girl would do something, and be something—when she grew up. She was vehement, resolute, ambitious. He wondered idly, and a little sentimentally, whether hereafter, when their paths had diverged for ever, she would look back kindly to these tranquil days, and her old friend Percival. He rather thought not. She would have enough to occupy her without that.

It was true, after a fashion, that Lottie was ambitious in her dreams of love. Her lover must be heroic, handsome, a gentleman by birth, with something of romance about his story. A noble poverty might be more fascinating than wealth. There was but one thing absolutely needful—he must not be commonplace. It was the towering yet unsubstantial ambition of her age, a vision of impossible splendour and happiness. Most girls have such dreams; most women find at six or seven and twenty that their enchanted castles in the air have shrunk to brick and mortar houses. Tastes change, and they might even be somewhat embarrassed were they called on to play their parts in the passionate love-poems which they dreamed at seventeen. But the world was just opening before Lottie's eyes, and she was ready to be a heroine of romance.

"This way," said Percival, and they turned into a narrow lane, deep and cool, with green banks overgrown with ferns, and arching boughs above. As they strolled along he gathered pale honeysuckle blossoms from the hedge, and gave them to Lottie. "How pretty it is!" said the girl, looking round.

"Wait till you see the well," he replied. "We shall be there directly—it is prettier there."

"But this is pretty too—why should I wait?" said Lottie.

"You are right. I don't know why you should. Admire both; you are wiser than I, Lottie."

As he spoke the lane widened into a grassy glade, and Lottie quickened her steps, uttering a cry of pleasure. Percival followed her, with a smile on his lips. "Here is your wishing-well," he said. "Do you like it now that you have found it out?"

She might well have been satisfied, even if she had been harder to please. It was a spring of the fairest water, bubbling into a tiny hollow. The little pool was like a brimming cup, with coloured pebbles, and dancing sand at the bottom, and delicate leaf-sprays clustered lightly round its rim. And this gem of sparkling water was set in a space of mossy sward, with trees which leant and whispered overhead, their quivering canopy pierced here and there by golden shafts of sunlight, and glimpses of far-off blue.

"It is like fairy-land," said Lottie.

"Or like something in Keats' poems," Percival suggested.

"I never read a line of them, so I can't say," she answered with defiant candour, while she inwardly resolved to get the book.

He smiled. "You don't read much poetry yet, do you? Ah, well, you have time enough. How about wishing, now we are here?" he went on, stooping to look into the well. "Your wishes ought to have a double virtue on your birthday."

"I only hope they may."

"What—have you decided on something very important? Seventeen to-day! Lottie, don't wish to be eighteen—that will come much too soon without wishing."

"I don't want to be eighteen. I think seventeen is old enough," she answered dreamily.

"So do I." He was thinking, as he spoke, what a charming childish age it was, and how, before he knew Lottie, he had fancied, from books, that girls were grown-up at seventeen.

"Now I am going to wish," she said, seriously, "and you must wish after me." Bending over the pool, she looked earnestly into it, took water in the hollow of her hand, and drank. Then, standing back she made a sign to her companion. He stepped forward, and saying, with a bright glance, "My wishes must be for you to-day, Queen Lottie," he followed her example. But when he looked up, shaking the cold drops from his hand, he was struck by the intense expression on her downward-bent face. "What has the child been wishing?" he wondered, and an idea flashed suddenly into his mind which almost made him smile. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "there will be a fiery passion one of these fine days—when Lottie falls in love!" But even as he thought this the look which had startled him was gone. "We needn't go back directly, need we?" she said. "Let us rest a little while."

"By all means," Percival replied. "I'm quite ready to rest as long as you like—I consider resting my strong point. What do you say to this bank? Or there is a fallen tree just across there——"

"No—Percival, listen! There are some horrid people coming—let us go on a little further, out of their way."

He listened. "Yes, there are some people coming. Very likely they are horrid—though we have no fact to go upon, except their desire to find the wishing-well—at any rate, we don't want them. Lottie, you are right—let us fly!"

They escaped from the glade at the further end, passed through a gate into a field, and found themselves once more in the broad sunlight. They paused for a moment, dazzled, and uncertain which way to go. "Why did those people come and turn us out?" said Thorne, regretfully. A shrill scream of laughter rang through the shade which they had just left. "What shall we do now?"

"I don't mind, I like this sunshine," said Lottie. "Percival, don't you think there would be a view up there?"

"Up there" was a grassy little eminence which rose rather abruptly in the midst of the neighbouring fields. It was parted from the place where they stood by a couple of meadows.

"I should think there might be."

"Then let us go there. When I see a hill I always feel as if I must get to the top of it."

"I've no objection to that feeling in the present case, as the hill happens to be a very little one," Percival replied. "And the shepherds and shepherdesses in our Arcadia are unpleasantly noisy. But I don't see any gate into the next field."

"Who wants a gate? There's a gap by that old stump."

"And you don't mind this ditch? It isn't very wide," he said, as he stood on the bank.

"No, I don't mind it." He held out his hand, she laid hers on it, and sprang lightly across, with a word of thanks. A few months earlier she would have scorned Cock Robin's assistance, had the ditch been twice as wide, as that day she would have scorned any assistance but Percival's. It was well that she did not need help, for his outstretched hand, firm as it was, gave her little. It rather sent a tremulous thrill through her as she touched it, that was more likely to make her falter than succeed. She was not vexed that he relapsed into silence as they went on their way. In her eyes his aspect was darkly thoughtful and heroic. As she walked by his side the low grass fields became enchanted meads, and the poor little flowers bloomed like poets' asphodel. A lark sang overhead as never bird sang before, and the breeze was sweet with memories of blossom. When they stood on the summit of the little hill, the view was fair as Paradise. A big grey stone lay among the tufts of bracken, as if a giant hand had tossed it there in sport. Lottie sat down, leaning against it, and Percival threw himself on the grass at her feet.

She was nerveling herself to overcome an unwonted feeling of timidity. She had dreamed of this birthday with childish eagerness. Her fancy had made it the portal of a world of unknown delights. She grew sick with fear, lest through her weakness, or any mishance, the golden hours should glide by, and no golden joy be secured before the night came on. Golden hours—were they not rather golden moments on the hillside with Percival? He loved her, she was sure of that, but he was poor, and would never speak. What could she say to him? She bent forward a little that she might see him better, as he lay stretched on the warm turf, unconscious of her eyes. Through his half-closed lids he watched the little grey-blue butterflies which flickered round him in the sunny air, emerging from, or melting into, the eternal vault of blue.

"Percival!"

She had spoken, and ended the long silence. She almost fancied that her voice shook and sounded strange, but he did not seem to notice it. "Yes?" he said, and turned his face to her, the face that was the whole world to Lottie.

"Percival, is it true that your father was the eldest son, and that you ought to be the heir?"

He opened his eyes a little at the breathless question. Then he laughed. "I might have known that you could not live three months in Fordborough without hearing something of that."

"It is true, then? Mayn't I know?"

"Certainly." He raised himself on his elbow. "But there is no injustice in the matter, Lottie. The eldest son died, and my father was the second. He wanted to have his own way, as we most of us do, and he gave up his expectations and had it. He did it with his eyes open, and it was a fair bargain."

"He sold his birthright, like Esau? Well, that might be quite right for him, but isn't it rather hard on you?"

"Not at all," he answered promptly. "I never counted on it, and therefore I am not disappointed. Why should I complain of not having what I did not expect to have? Shall I feel very hardly used, when the Archbishopric of Canterbury falls vacant, and they pass me over?"

"But your father shouldn't have given up your rights," the girl persisted.

"Why, Lottie," he said with a smile; "it was before I was born. And I'm not so sure about my rights. I don't know that I have any particular rights or wrongs." There was a pause, and then he looked up. "Suppose the birthright had been Jacob's, and he had thrown it away for Rachel's sake—would you have blamed him?"

"No!" said Lottie, with kindling eyes.

"Then Jacob and Rachel's son is not hardly used, and has no cause to complain of his lot," Percival concluded, sinking back lazily.

Lottie was silent for a moment. Then she apparently changed the subject.

"Do you remember that day Mrs. Pickering called, and talked about William?"

"Oh yes—I remember. I scandalized the old lady, didn't I? Lottie, I'm half afraid I scandalized your mother into the bargain."

"I've been thinking about what you said," Lottie went on very seriously, "about being idle all your life."

"Ah!" said Percival, drawing a long breath. "You are going to lecture me? Well, I don't know why I should be surprised. Everyone lectures me—they don't like it, but feel it to be their duty. I daresay Addie will begin this evening." He was amused at the idea of a reproof from Lottie, and settled his smooth cheek comfortably on his sleeve that he might listen at his ease. "Go on," he said; "it's very kind of you, and I'm quite ready."

"Suppose I'm not going to lecture you," said Lottie.

"Why, that's still kinder. What then?"

"Suppose I think you are right."

"Do you?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "William Pickering may spend his life scraping pounds and pence together. Men who can't do anything else may as well do that, for it *is* nice to be rich. But if you have enough, why should you spend your time over it—the best years of your life which will never come back?"

"Never!" said Percival. "You are right."

There was a long pause. Lottie pulled a bit of fern, and looked at him again. There was a line between his dark brows, as if he were pursuing some thought which her words had suggested, but he held his head down, and was silent. She threw the fern away, and pressed her hands together.

"But, Percival, you do care for money, after all. You set it above everything else, as they all do, only in a different way. You are right in what you say, but they are more honest, for they say and do alike."

"Do I care for money? Lottie, it's the first time I have ever been charged with that!"

"Because you talk as if you didn't. But you do. Why did you say you would never marry an heiress! The colour went right up to the roots of your hair when they talked about it, and you said it would be contemptible—that was the word—contemptible. Then I suppose if you cared for her, and she loved you with all her heart and soul, you would go away, and leave her to hate the world, and herself, and you, just because she happened to have a little money! And you say you don't care about it!"

"Lottie, you don't know what you are talking about." His eyes were fixed on the turf. She had called up a vision in which she had no part. "You don't understand," he began—

"It is you who don't understand," she answered desperately. "You men judge girls—I don't know how you judge them, not by themselves, by their worldly-wise mammas, perhaps. Do you fancy we are always counting what money men have, or what we have? It's you who think so much about it. O Percival!" the strong voice softened to sudden tenderness, "do you think I care a straw about what I shall have one day?"

"Good God!" Percival looked up, and for the space of a lightning flash their eyes met. In hers he read enough to show him how blind he had been. In his she read astonishment, horror, repulsion.

Repulsion—she read it, but it was not there. To her dying day, Lottie will believe that she saw it in his eyes. Did she not feel an icy stab of pain when she recognised it? Never was she more sure of her own existence than she was sure of this. And yet it was not there. She had suddenly roused him from a dream, and he was bewildered, shocked—sorry for his girl-friend, and bitterly remorseful for himself.

Lottie knew that she had made a terrible mistake, and that Percival did not love her. There was a rushing, as of water, in her ears, a black mist swaying before her eyes. But in a moment all that was over, and

she could look round again. The sunlit world glared horribly, as if it understood, and pressed round her with a million eyes to mock her burning shame.

"No—I never thought you cared for money," said Percival, trying to seem unconscious of that lightning glance with all its revelations. He had not the restless fingers so many men have, and could sit contentedly without moving a muscle. But now he was plucking nervously at the turf as he spoke.

"What does it matter?" said Lottie. "I shall come to care for it one of these days, I daresay."

He did not answer. What could he say? He was cursing his blind folly. Poor child! Why, she *was* only a child, after all—a beautiful, headstrong, wilful child, and it was not a year since he met her in the woods, with torn frock and tangled hair, her long hands bleeding from bramble scratches, and her lips stained with autumn berries. How fiercely and shyly she looked at him with her shining eyes! He remembered how she stopped abruptly in her talk and answered him in monosyllables, and how, when he left the trio, the clear, boyish voice broke instantly into a flood of happy speech. As he lay there now, staring at the turf, he could see his red-capped vision of Liberty as plainly as if he stood on the woodland walk again with the September leaves above him. He felt a rush of tender, brotherly pity for the poor mistaken child—"brotherly" in default of a better word. Probably a brother would have been more keenly alive to the forward folly of Lottie's conduct. Percival would have liked to hold out his hand to the girl, to close it round hers in a tight grasp of fellowship and sympathy, and convey to her, in some better way than the clumsy utterance of words, that he asked her pardon for the wrong he had unconsciously done her, and besought her to be his friend and comrade for ever. But he could not do anything of the kind; he dared not even look up, lest a glance should scorch her as she quivered in her humiliation. He ended as he began, by cursing the serene certainty that all was so harmless and so perfectly understood, which had blinded his eyes, and brought him to this!

And Lottie? She hardly knew what she thought. A wild dream of a desert island in tropic seas, with palms towering in the hot air, and snow-white surf dashing on the coral shore, and herself and Cock Robin parted from all the world by endless leagues of ocean, flitted before her eyes. But that was impossible, absurd.

He was laughing at her, no doubt; scorning her in his heart. Oh, why had she been so mad? Suppose a thunderbolt were to fall from the blue sky and crush him into eternal silence, as he lay at her feet, pulling his little blades of grass. No! Lottie did not wish that—the thought was hideous. Yet had not such a wish had a momentary life as she stared at the hot blue sky? Was it written there, or wandering in the air, or uttered in the busy humming of the flies, so that as she gazed and listened she became conscious of its purport? Surely she never

wished it. Why could not the grey rock, against which she leaned, totter and fall and bury her for ever, hiding her body from sight while her spirit fled from Percival? Yet even that was not enough—they might meet in some hereafter. Lottie longed for annihilation in that moment of despair.

This could not last. It passed, as the first faintness had done, and with an aching sense of shame and soreness (almost worse to bear because there was no exaltation in it) she came back to everyday life. She pushed her hair from her forehead, and got up. "I suppose you are not going to stay here all day," she said.

Percival stretched himself with an air of indolent carelessness. "No, I suppose not. Do you think duty calls us to go back at once?"

"It is getting late," was her curt reply, and he rose without another word.

She was grave and quiet, if anything she was more self-possessed than he was, only she never looked at him. Perhaps if he could have made her understand what was in his heart, when first he realized the meaning of her hasty words, she might have grasped the friendly hand he longed to hold out to her. But not now. Her face had hardened strangely as if it were cut in stone. They went down the hill in silence; Percival appearing greatly interested in the landscape. As they crossed the level meadows Lottie looked round with a queer fancy that she might meet the other Lottie there, the girl who had crossed them an hour before. At the ditch Thorne held out his hand again. She half turned, looked straight into his eyes with a passionate glance of hatred, and sprang across, leaving him to follow.

He rejoined her as she reached the glade. While they had been on the hill the sun had sunk below the arching boughs, and half the beauty of the scene was gone. The noisy picnic party had unpacked their hampers, the turf was littered with paper and straw, and a driver stood in a central position, with his head thrown back, drinking beer from a bottle. Lottie went straight to the well, and took another draught.

"Two wishes in one day!" said Percival.

"Second thoughts are best," she answered, turning coldly away. "Is there no other way home? I hate walking the same way twice."

"There is the road; I'm afraid it may be hot, but it would be a change."

"I should prefer the road," she said.

That walk seemed interminable to Percival Thorne. He was ready to believe that the road lengthened itself, in sheer spite, to leagues of arid dust, and that every familiar landmark fled before him. At last, however, they approached a point where two ways diverged—the one leading straight into the old town, while the other, wide and trimly kept, passed between many bright new villas and gardens. At that corner they might part. But before they reached it a slim, grey-clad figure appeared from the suburban road, and strolled leisurely towards them.

Percival looked, looked again, shaded his eyes and looked : " Why, it's Horace ! " he exclaimed.

Lottie made no reply, but she awoke from her sullen musing, a light flashed into her eyes, and she quickened her pace towards the man who should deliver her from her *tête-à-tête* with Percival.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### WHY NOT LOTTIE ?

PERCIVAL advanced to meet his cousin. " You here, Horace ? " he said.

" So it seems," the other replied, in a voice which sounded exactly as if Percival had answered his own question.

The two young men were wonderfully alike, though hardly one person in a hundred could see it. They were exactly the same height, their features were similar, they walked across the room in precisely the same way, and unconsciously reproduced each other's tricks of manner with singular fidelity. Yet any remark on this resemblance would almost certainly encounter a wondering stare, and " Oh, do you think so ? Well, I must confess I can't see much likeness myself ; " the fact being that the similarity was in form and gait, while both colour and expression differed greatly. Horace's hair had the same strong waves as Percival's, but it was chestnut brown, his eyes were a clear light grey, his complexion showed a fatal delicacy of white and red. His expression was more varying, his smile was readier, and his glance more restless.

He had once taken a college friend, whose hobby was photography, to Brackenhill. Young Felton arrived with all his apparatus, and photographed the whole household with such inordinate demands on their time, and such atrocious results, that everyone fled from him in horror. Horace was the most patient of his victims, and Felton declared that he would have a good one of Thorne. But even Horace was tired out at last, and said, very mildly, that he didn't particularly care for the smell of the stuff, and he was afraid his portraits wouldn't help him to a situation if ever he wanted one—apply, stating terms and enclosing carte. That he thought it uncommonly kind of Felton to take so much trouble, but if ever he let him try again, he'd be——Sissy was there, and the sentence which had been said over his shoulder, as he leaned out of the window, ended in a puff of smoke up into the blue. Felton begged for one more, and persuaded Sissy to be his advocate. " I've an idea that something will come of it," said the hapless photographer. Horace yielded at last, and sat down, grimly resolute that he would yield no more. Something did come of it. Felton got it very much too dark, and the result was a tolerable photograph and a startling likeness of Percival.

The incident caused some little amusement at Brackenhill, and visitors

were duly puzzled with the portrait. But it was not long remembered, and people dropped into their former habit of thinking that there was but a slight resemblance between the cousins. Only Percival carried off the photograph, and was interested for a week or two in questions of doubtful identity, looking up a few old cases of mysterious claimants, and speculating as to the value of the testimony for and against them.

Horace shook hands with Lottie, and uttered his neatly-worded birthday wishes. Her answer was indistinctly murmured, but she looked up at him, and he paused, struck as by something novel and splendid, when he encountered the dark fire of her eyes. "I left them wondering what had become of you," he said. "They thought you were wandering about alone somewhere, and had lost yourself."

"Instead of which we met on the road, didn't we?" said Percival.

"Yes," she answered, indifferently. "And you came to look for me?"

"Of course. I was on my way to hunt up the town crier, and to make our loss known to the police. In half an hour's time we should have been dragging all the ponds."

"I think I'd better go and set mamma's anxious mind at rest," said Lottie, with a short laugh, "Good-bye for the present." She was gone in a moment, leaving the young men standing in the middle of the road. Horace made a movement as if to follow her, then checked himself, and looked at his cousin.

Percival made haste to speak. "So you have come down for the birthday party, too? Where are you staying?"

"Oh, the Blakes find me a bed. I'm off again to-morrow morning."

"You are now at Scarborough with my aunt. I have it on Sissy's authority."

"There's no occasion to disturb that faith," said Horace, lightly. "Are you going into the town? I'll walk a little way with you."

"You are not going to see them at Brackenhill before you leave?"

Horace shook his head. "Say nothing about me. Did you tell them where you were going?"

"No. I don't suppose they know of the Blakes' existence."

"So much the better. I'm not going to enlighten them."

They strolled on side by side, and for a minute neither spoke. Horace was chafing because it had occurred to him that afternoon that Mrs. Blake seemed rather to take his devotion to Addie for granted. His path was made too smooth and obvious, and it was evident that the prize might be had for the asking. Consequently, Master Horace, who was not at all sure that he wanted it, was irritable and inclined to swerve aside.

"Are not you playing a dangerous game?" said Percival. "Sooner or later someone will mention the fact of these visits to the squire, and there'll be a row."

"Well, then, there *must* be a row. It's uncommonly hard if I'm

never to speak to anyone without going to Brackenhill first to ask leave," said Horace, discontentedly. "How should you like it yourself?"

"Not at all."

"No more do I. I'm tired of being in leading-strings, and the long and short of it is that I mean to have my own way in this, at any rate."

"In *this*? Is this a matter of great importance, then? Horace, mind what you are after with the Blakes."

"You're a nice consistent sort of fellow," said Horace.

"Oh, you may call me what you like," Percival replied.

"Who introduced me to these people before they came to Fordborough? Who comes down to Brackenhill—the dullest hole now there's no shooting—because it's Lottie Blake's birthday? Whose name is a sort of household word here—Percival this, and Percival that?—Percival without any Thorne to it, mind."

"I plead guilty. What then?"

"What then? Why, I wish you to remark that *this* is your example, while your precept is——"

"Take care what you are about with the Blakes. Yes, old fellow, you'd better leave my example alone, and stick to the precept. My wisdom takes that form, I admit." He spoke with more meaning than Horace perceived.

"Well, thanks for your advice," said the young man, with a laugh. "Though I can't see any particular harm in my coming down to-day."

"No harm. Only remember that there is such a place as Brackenhill."

"The governor oughtn't to find fault with me since you're in the same boat. He never thinks you can do wrong."

"Never."

"You're a lucky fellow, to have only yourself to please."

"Very lucky," said Percival, drily. "Will you change places with me?"

"Change places? What do you mean?"

The other looked fixedly at him, and said in a pointed manner, "I fancy it might easily be managed—with Addie Blake's help."

The suggestion was unpleasant. Horace winced, and vented his displeasure in a random attack. "And why Addie, I should like to know? How can you tell it is Addie at all?"

"Who then?"

"Why not Lottie?" The words were uttered without a moment's thought, and might have been forgotten as soon as said. But Percival was taken by surprise, and a look of utter incredulity flashed across his face. Horace caught it and was piqued.

"Unless you understand her so well that you are sure that no one else has a chance. Of course, if that is the case——"

"Not at all!" Percival exclaimed. "It's not for me to pretend to understand Lottie—I'm not such a fool as that!"

"All the same," Horace said to himself, "you think you understand her better than I do, and you don't believe I should have a chance if I tried to cut you out. Well, Mr. Percy, you may be right; but, on the other hand, you *may* be mistaken." And, as he walked back to the Blakes, Horace hurriedly resolved to teach his cousin that he was not to consider Lottie his exclusive property. He knew the folly of such a proceeding, but who was ever hindered from obeying the dictates of wounded vanity by the certainty that he had much better not?

Percival sincerely wished the evening over. He dared not stay away, lest his absence should provoke comments, but he feared some childish outbreak of petulance on Lottie's part. When he saw her he was startled by her beauty. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were full of brilliant meaning. She cast a defiant glance at him as she went by. She was burning with shame, and maddened by the cruel injustice of her fate. A white light seemed to have poured in upon her, and she found it incredible that she could ever have felt, or acted, as she had felt and acted that afternoon. She said to herself that she might as well have been punished for her conduct in a dream.

Percival plucked up courage enough to go and ask her to dance. He was distressed and pitiful, and longing to make amends, and stood before her like the humblest of suitors. She assented coolly enough. No one saw that there was anything amiss, though he was quick to remark that she gave him only square dances. No more waltzes with Lottie for him. But Horace had one, and, when it was over, he leaned almost exhausted against the wall, while Lottie stood by his side and fanned herself. The fan seemed to throb in unison with her strong pulses, quickened by the dance, and slackening as she rested.

"That was splendid," said Horace, with breathless brevity. "Best waltz I ever had."

"Ah?" said Lottie, turning towards him. "Suppose Addie heard that, Mr. Thorne?"

They looked straight into each other's eyes, and Horace felt a strange thrill run through him. He evaded her question with a laugh. "Why do you call me Mr. Thorne?" he asked. "If you call that fellow by his Christian name, why not me? Mine isn't such a mouthful as Percival—try it."

"We knew him first, you see," Lottie replied, with much innocence.

"As if that had anything to do with it! If you had known my grandfather first, I suppose you would have called him Godfrey?"

"Perhaps he wouldn't have asked me," said Lottie.

Horace smiled. "Well, perhaps he wouldn't. He isn't much given to making such requests, certainly. But I do ask you. Look!" he exclaimed, with sudden animation, "there's Mrs. Blake taking that dried-up little woman—what's her name?—to the piano. I may have the next dance, I hope!"

"How many more things are you going to ask for all at once?" The

bright fan kept up its regular come and go, and Lottie's eyes were very arch above it. "I'm sure you don't take after your grandfather."

"Believe me," said Horace, "you would be awfully bored if I did. But you haven't given me an answer. This dance?"

"I've promised it to Mr. Hardwicke. Adieu, *Horace!*" And before he could utter a syllable she was across the room, standing by the little spinster who was going to play, and helping her to undo a clashing bracelet of malachite and silver, which hung on her bony wrist. Horace, gazing after her, felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked round.

"I'm off when this dance is over," said Percival, who seemed weary and depressed. "You still wish me not to say that I have seen you?"

Horace nodded. "I shall be at Scarborough again to-morrow night. There's no occasion to say anything."

"All right. You know best."

"Who can tell what may happen?" said Horace. "Why should one be in a hurry to do anything unpleasant? Put it off, and you may escape it altogether. For instance, the governor may change all at once, as people do in tracts and Christmas books. I don't say it's likely, but I feel that I ought to give him the chance."

"Very good," said Percival, and he strolled away. Horace noted his preoccupied look with a half-smile, but after a moment his thoughts and eyes went back to Lottie Blake, and he forgot all about his cousin and Brackenhill. He had a kind of vague, half-frightened, half-envious look on his face. He could hardly remember what he was doing, but knew he must be doing something important, and yet he could not tell exactly what it was.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### HER NAME.

Most country towns have some great event which marks the year, or some peculiarity which distinguishes them from their neighbours. This one has its annual ball, that its races, another its volunteer reviews. One seems to relish no amusement which has not a semi-religious flavour, and excels in school feasts, choir festivals, and bazaars. Some places only wake up on the fifth of November, and some are devoted to amateur theatricals. Fordborough had its agricultural show.

Crowds flocked to it, not because they cared for fat cattle, steam ploughs, and big vegetables, but because everybody was to be seen there. You stared at the prize pig side by side with the head of one of the great county families, who had a faint idea that he had been introduced to you somewhere (was it at the last election?), and politely entered into conversation with you on the chance. You might perhaps suspect that his remembrance of you was not very clear, when you reflected afterwards that he

asked after my wife, who is dead,  
And my children who never were born;

but at any rate he meant to be civil, and people who saw you talking together would not know what he said. Or you might find the old friend

you had not seen for years, gold eye-glass in hand, peering at a plate of potatoes. Or you were young, and there was a girl—no, *the* girl—the one girl in all the world—bewitchingly dressed, a miracle of beauty, looking at Jones's patent root-pulper. You lived for months on the remembrance of the words you exchanged by a friendly, though rather deafening, threshing-machine, when her mamma (who never liked you) marched serenely on, unconscious that Edith was lingering behind. Then there was the flower-show, where a band from the nearest garrison town played the last new waltzes, and people walked about and looked at everything except the flowers. Fordborough was decked with flags and garlands, and appropriate sentiments on the subject of agriculture, in evergreen letters stitched on calico, were lavishly displayed. Everyone, who possessed anything beyond a wheel-barrow, got into it and drove about, the bells clashed wildly in the steeple, and everything was exceedingly merry—if it didn't rain.

People in that part of the world always filled their houses with guests when the time for the show came round. Even at Brackenhill, though the squire said he was too old for visitors, he made a point of inviting Godfrey Hammond, while Mrs. Middleton, as soon as the day was fixed, sent off a little note to Horace. It was taken for granted that Horace would come. Aunt Harriet considered his invariable presence with them on that occasion as a public acknowledgment of his position at Brackenhill. But the day was gone by when Mr. Thorne delighted to parade his grandson round the field, showing off the slim handsome lad, and proving to the county that, with his heir by his side, he could defy the son who had defied him. Matters were changed since then. The county had, as it were, accepted Horace. The quarrel was five-and-twenty years old, and had lost its savour. It was tacitly assumed that Alfred had, in some undefined way, behaved very badly, that he had been very properly put on one side, and that in the natural course of things Horace would succeed his grandfather, and was a nice, gentlemanly young fellow. Mr. Thorne had only to stick to what he had done, to ensure the approval of society.

But people did not want, and did not understand, the foreign-looking young man with the olive complexion and sombre eyes, who had begun of late years to come and go about Brackenhill, and who was said to be able to turn old Thorne round his finger. This was not mere rumour. The squire's own sister complained of his infatuation. It is true that she also declared that she believed the new-comer to be a very good young fellow, but the complaint was accepted, and the addition smiled away. "It is easy to see what her good young man wants there," said her friends, and there was a general impression that it was a shame. Opinions concerning the probable result varied, and people offered airily to bet on Horace or Percival as their calculations inclined them. The majority thought that old Thorne could never have the face to veer round again; but there was the possibility on Percival's side that his

grandfather might die intestate, and, with so capricious and unaccountable a man, it did not seem altogether improbable. "Then," as people sagely remarked, "this fellow would inherit—that is, if Alfred's marriage was all right." No one had any fault, except of a negative kind, to find with Percival, yet the majority of Mr. Thorne's old friends were inclined to dislike him. He did not hunt, nor go to races; he cared little for horses and dogs. No one understood him. He was indolent and sweet-tempered, and he was supposed to be satirical and scheming. What could his grandfather see in him to prefer him to Horace? Percival would have answered with a smile, "I am not his heir."

Mr. Thorne was happy this July, his boy having come to Brackenhill for a few days which would include the show.

It was the evening before, and they were all assembled. Horace, coffee-cup in hand, leant in his favourite attitude against the chimney-piece. He was troubled and depressed, repulsed Mrs. Middleton's smiling attempts to draw him out, and added very little to the general conversation. "Sulky" was Mr. Thorne's verdict.

Percival was copying music for Sissy. She stood near him, bending forward to catch the full light of the lamp to aid her in picking up a dropped stitch in her aunt's knitting. Close by them sat Godfrey Hammond in an easy-chair.

He was a man of three or four-and-forty, by no means handsome, but very well satisfied with his good figure, and his keen, refined features. He wanted colour, his closely-cut hair was sandy, his eyes were of the palest grey, and his eyebrows faintly marked. He was slightly underhung, and did not attempt to hide the fact, wearing neither beard nor moustache. His face habitually wore a questioning expression.

Godfrey Hammond never lamented his want of good looks, but he bitterly regretted the youth which he had lost. His regret seemed somewhat premature. His fair complexion showed little trace of age; he had never known what illness was, and men ten or fifteen years younger might have envied him his slight active figure. But in truth the youth which he regretted was a dream. It was that legendary Golden Age which crowns the whole world with far-off flowers, and fills hearts with longings for its phantom loveliness. The present seemed to Hammond hopeless, commonplace, and cold, a dull procession of days tending downwards to the grave. He was thus far justified in his regrets, that if his youth were as full of beauty and enthusiasm as he imagined it, he was very old indeed.

"What band are they going to have to-morrow, Percival?" asked Sissy.

"I did hear, but I forgot. Stay, they gave me a programme when I was at the bookseller's this afternoon." He thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a handful of papers and letters. "It was a pink thing—I thought you would like it—what has become of it, I wonder?"

As he turned the papers over, a photograph slipped out of its envelope. Sissy saw it.

"Percival, is that someone's carte? May I look?"

"What!" said Godfrey Hammond, sticking a glass in his eye, and peering short-sightedly. "Percy taking to carrying photographs about with him—wonders will never cease! What fair lady may it be? Come, man, let us have a look at her."

Percival coloured very slightly, and then, as it were, contradicted his blush by tossing the envelope and its contents across to Godfrey.

"No fair lady. Ask Sissy what she thinks of him."

"Why, it's young Lisle!" said Hammond. Mr. Thorne looked up with sudden interest.

Percival reclaimed the photograph. "Here, Sissy, what do you say? Should you like him for your album?"

"For my album? A man I never saw! Who is he?" Miss Langton inquired. "Oh! he's very handsome, though, isn't he?"

Percival saw his grandfather was looking. "It's Mr. Lisle's son," he said.

"And very handsome? Doesn't take after his father."

(Mr. Lisle had been Percival's guardian for the few months between his father's death and his majority. It had been a great grief to Mr. Thorne. Something which he said to his grandson when he first came to Brackenhill had been met by the rejoinder, very cool though perfectly respectful in tone, "But, sir, if Mr. Lisle does not disapprove—" The power-loving old man could not pardon Mr. Lisle for having an authority over Percival which should have belonged to him.)

He put on his spectacles to look at the photograph which Sissy brought. It was impossible to deny the beauty of the face, though the style was rather effeminate; the features were almost faultless.

"Is it like him?" said Sissy, looking up at young Thorne.

"Very like," he replied, "it doesn't flatter him at all, if that is what you mean; does it, Hammond?"

"Not at all."

"He used to sing in the choir of their church," Percival went on. "They photographed him once in his surplice—a sort of ideal chorister. All the old ladies went into raptures, and said he looked like an angel."

"And the young ladies?" said Mrs. Middleton.

"Showed that they thought it."

"H'm!" said Mr. Thorne; "and where may this paragon be?"

"At Oxford."

"Going into the Church?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Not that I ever heard; I don't fancy his tastes lie that way. He is very musical—probably that was why he joined the choir."

"I should say Lisle had money enough," said Godfrey Hammond; "he lives in very good style—if anything, a little too showy, perhaps. He won't want a profession. Most likely he will spend his life in think-

ing that one of these days he will do something wonderful, and convulse the musical world. Happy fellow!"

"But suppose he doesn't do it?" said Sissy.

"Happier fellow still! He will never have a doubt, and never know what failure is."

"Perhaps," she said, looking at the bright beautiful face, "it would be better if Mr. Lisle were poor."

"I doubt if he would appreciate the kindness which doomed him to poverty," smiled Hammond.

"But perhaps he would not only dream then of something great—he might do it," said Sissy. "That is, do you think he could really do anything great?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Talent looks very big in a small room."

"Is he the only one?" Mrs. Middleton inquired of Percival.

"The only son; there is a daughter."

"A daughter! Is she as wonderful as her brother?" Sissy exclaimed. "Have you got her photograph? What is she like?"

"I will tell you," said Godfrey Hammond, speaking very deliberately, in his high-pitched voice. "Miss Lisle is a very charming young lady. She is like her brother, but she is not so good-looking, and she is decidedly more masculine."

"Oh!" in a disdainful tone. Then, turning swiftly round, "But what do you say, Percival?"

He answered her, but he looked at Godfrey:

"Hardly a fair description; not so much a portrait as a caricature. Miss Lisle's features are not so perfect as her brother's; she would not attract the universal admiration which he does. But I think there could be no question that hers is the nobler face."

"She is fortunate in her champion," said Hammond. "It's all right, no doubt, and the fault is mine. I may not have so keen an eye for latent nobility."

"Stick to her brother, then, and let Miss Lisle alone," and Percival stooped over his copying again. Sissy came back to the table; but, as she passed the lonely figure by the chimney-piece, she spoke:

"You are very silent to-night, Horace."

"I don't seem to have much to say for myself, do I?"

She took up her knitting, and, after a moment, he came and stood by her. The light fell on his face. "And you don't look well," she said.

"There's not much amiss with me."

"I shall betray you," said Percival, as he ruled a line; "he coughed in the hall, Sissy; I heard him, three times."

"Oh, my dear boy! you should take more care," exclaimed Aunt Middleton; "I know you have been dreadfully ill."

"I was blissfully unconscious of it, then," said Horace. "It was nothing, and I'm all right, thank you. You are very busy, Sissy; what are you worrying about down there?"

He laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder. Percival and she acted brother and sister, sometimes; but with Horace, whose pet and playfellow she had been as a little child, it was much more like reality.

"Only a stitch gone."

"Well, let it go; you have lots without it."

"You silly boy, it isn't that. Don't you know it would run further and further, and ruin the whole work if it were not picked up at once?"

"You may not be aware of it," said Hammond, "but that sounds remarkably like a tract."

"Then I hope you'll all profit by it. Horace, do you hear? If ever you drop a stitch, be warned." She looked up as she said it, and something in his face made her fancy that he *had* dropped a stitch of some kind.

When she was saying good-night to Percival, Sissy asked abruptly, in a low voice, "What is Miss Lisle's name?"

He answered: "Judith."

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#### CHAPTER VII.

##### JAEEL, OR JUDITH, OR CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Sissy, when she reached her room that night, drew up the blind, and stood looking out at the park, which was flooded with moonlight.

"It ought to be Percival's," she thought. "I should like Horace to have plenty of money, but the old house ought to be Percival's. He is so good—he screens Horace instead of thinking of himself. I do believe Horace is in some scrape now. And Aunt Middleton is always thinking about him, too; she won't let Uncle Thorne be just to Percival. Oh, it is a shame!"

"If he had Brackenhill perhaps he would marry Miss Lisle. I wonder if he is in love with her. He spoke so coolly, not as if he were the least bit angry when Godfrey Hammond laughed at her. But he said she had a noble face.

"What did it remind me of when he said 'Judith'?" Sissy was perplexed for a few moments, and then their talk on the terrace a month before flashed into her mind. "Jael, or Judith, or Charlotte Corday," and she remembered the very intonation with which Percival had repeated "Judith." "Ah!" said the girl half-aloud, with a sudden intuition, "he was thinking of her when he talked of heroic women!"

"Why wasn't I born noble and heroic as well as others? Is it my fault if I can't bear people to be angry with me, if I always stop and think and hesitate, and then the moment is gone? I couldn't have driven the nail in, like Jael, for fear there should be just time for him to look up at me. I should have thrown the hammer down, and died, I think. I wonder what made her able to do it; how she struck, and how she felt when the nail went crashing in! I wonder whether I could have done it if Sisera had hated Percival, if I knew he meant to kill him, if it had been Percival's life or his?"

Sissy proceeded to ponder the Biblical narrative (with this slight variation), but she came to no satisfactory decision. She inclined to the opinion that Sisera would have woke up, somehow. She could not imagine what she could possibly feel like when the deed was done, except that she was certain she should be afraid ever to be alone with herself again for one moment as long as she lived.

So she went back to the original question. "I daresay Miss Lisle is brave and calm, and horribly strong-minded—why wasn't I born the same as she was? Perhaps Percival would have cared for me then. He did say even I might find something I could die for; he didn't think I was quite a coward. Ah! if I could only show him I wasn't!"

She stood for a moment looking out.

"He may marry Miss Lisle if he likes, and—and I hope they'll be very happy indeed. But if ever I get a chance I'll do something—for Percival."

With which magnanimous determination Sissy went to bed; and if she did not have a nightmare tumult of Jael and Judith, nails and hammers, and murdered men, about her pillow as she slept, I can but think her fortunate. But her last thought was a happy one.

"Perhaps he doesn't care about her, after all!"

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### "PERHAPS I'M LETTING SECRETS OUT."

FORDBOROUGH had a glorious day for the Agricultural Show. Not a cloud dimmed the brightness of the sky; a breath of warm wind stirred the flags from time to time, and all was going as merrily as possible. The dogs were all barking in their special division, the poultry were all cackling in theirs. People had looked at the animals, as in duty bound, and were now putting their catalogues in their pockets, and crowding into the flower-show.

The Brackenhill party were there. Mr. Thorne, his sister, Godfrey Hammond, and Miss Langton had come over in state behind the sleek chestnut horses, and the young men had arranged to follow in the dog-cart. At present the two divisions had not met—nay, showed no symptom of uniting, but rather of breaking up into three or four. Mrs. Middleton and Sissy had been walking about, encountering a bewildering number of acquaintances, and earnestly endeavouring to disseminate a knowledge of the fact that they considered it a beautiful day. Godfrey Hammond, their squire for some time, after arranging when he would meet them by the tent where the potatoes were, had taken himself off to look up some of the country gentlemen whom he met year after year when he came down to Brackenhill. There happened to be several squires of the old sort in the neighbourhood, and with these Godfrey Hammond

enjoyed a friendship based on mutual contempt. He laughed at them, and they knew it. They laughed at him, and he knew it; and each being convinced that his cause for scorn was the one well founded, they all got on delightfully together. Mr. Thorne, meanwhile, was strolling round the field, halting to talk from time to time, but fettered by no companionship.

He was presently pounced on by Mrs. Rawlinson, a fair, flushed beauty of two-and-forty, with a daughter of fifteen. People with a turn for compliment always supposed that this daughter was Mrs. Rawlinson's sister, and when that assumption was negatived, there had once been a prompt reply, "Oh, your *step*-daughter you mean!" (The man who invented that last refinement of politeness was welcome to dine at the Rawlinsons' whenever he liked, and, the dinners being good, he was to be met there about twice a week.)

She came down upon Mr. Thorne like a bright blue avalanche. "Ah!" she said, having shaken hands with him, "I saw what you were doing! Now, do you agree with Mr. Horace Thorne in his taste? Oh, it's no use denying it; I saw you were looking at the beautiful Miss Blake."

"It is very possible," Mr. Thorne replied; "only I didn't know of her existence."

"Oh, how severe you are! I suppose you mean you don't admire that style? Well, now you mention it, perhaps——"

"I simply mean what I say. I was not aware that there was a Miss Blake on the ground to-day."

"Well, I *am* surprised! You *are* in the dark! Do you see those tall girls in black and white, close by their mother, that fine woman in green?"

"Perfectly. And which is the beautiful Miss Blake?"

"Oh!" with a little giggle. "Fancy! *Which* is the beautiful Miss Blake? Why, the elder one, of course—there! she is just looking round."

Mr. Thorne put up his eyeglass. "In—deed!" he said; "and who may Miss Blake be?"

"They have come to that pretty white house where old Miss Hayward lived. Mr. Blake was a relation of hers, and she left it to him. He has some sort of business in London—very rich, they say, and all the young men are after the daughters."

"Probably the daughters haven't the same opinion of the young men of the present day that I have," said Mr. Thorne; "so I needn't pity them."

"Fancy your not knowing anything about them! I *am* surprised!" Mrs. Rawlinson repeated. "Such friends of Mr. Horace Thorne's, too. Ah, by the way, you must mind what you say about the young men who are after them. He's quite a favourite there, I'm told."

"Perhaps Horace told you," the old gentleman suggested, with a

quiet smile ; "the news sounds as if it might come from that authority."

"Oh, no ; I think not. Anyone in Fordborough could tell you all about it. I suppose this summer—but dear me, here am I rattling on ; perhaps I'm letting secrets out !"

"Not much of a secret if it is Fordborough talk," said Mr. Thorne, blandly. But something in the expression of his eyes made Mrs. Rawlinson feel that she was on dangerous ground, and at any rate she had said enough. She hurried off to greet a friend she saw in the distance.

Mr. Thorne was speedily joined by a neighbouring landowner. "I didn't know I should see you here to-day," he said to the newcomer. "I heard you were laid up."

Mr. Garnett cursed his gout, but declared himself better.

"Look here," said Thorne, laying his hand on the other's sleeve ; "you know everyone. Who and what are these Blakes ?"

"Bless me ! you don't mean you don't know ? Why, the name's up in every railway station in the United Kingdom. 'Patent British Corn-Flour'—that's the man. 'Delicious Pudding in Five Minutes'—you know the sort of thing. I don't know that he does much in it now. I suppose he has a share. Very rich, they say."

Mr. Thorne had withdrawn his hand, and was listening with the utmost composure. "Ah !" he said ; "very rich. And so all these good Fordborough people are paying court to him."

"No," Garnett grinned, "they don't get the chance ; don't see much of him. No loss. They pay court to the daughters ; it does just as well, and it's a great deal pleasanter. Dear, dear ! what a money-loving age it is ! Nothing but trade, trade, trade. We shall see a duke behind the counter before long, if we go on at this rate. Gentlemen used to be more particular in our young days—eh, Thorne ?"

Having said this he remembered that Thorne's son married the candle-maker's daughter. For a moment he was confounded, and then had to repress an inclination to laugh.

"Ah, it was a different world altogether," said Thorne, gliding dexterously away from the corn-flour and candles too. "There was a young fellow staying with us a little while ago who was wild about photography. If he didn't get just the right focus, the thing came out all wrong ; he always made a mess of his groups. The focus was right for us in our young days, eh ? Now we have to stand on one side, and come out all awry. No fault in the sun, you know."

"I don't care much about photographs," said Garnett. "All very well for the young folks, I dare say, but I shan't make a pretty picture on this side of doomsday !" And indeed it did not seem likely that he would. So he departed, grinning, to say to the next man he met : "What do you think I've been doing ? Laughing about Blake's patent corn-flour to old Thorne—forgot the composite candles—did, upon my word ! Said 'Gentlemen used to be more particular in our young days,'

and the minute it was out of my mouth I remembered Jim and the candles! Fine girl she was, certainly. Poor old Thorne, he was terribly cut up at the time. It was grand to see the two old fellows meet, as good as a play. Thorne held out just the tips of his fingers—I believe he thought if he shook hands with old Benham he should smell of tallow for ever. Ever see Benham's monument? They ordered it down from town—man knew nothing of course, how should he? So he went and put some angels weeping, and an inverted torch, just like a bundle of candles—fact, by Jove! I went to have a look at it myself one day. Some of the Benhams were very sore about it. Dear, dear! I shouldn't think the old fellow can ever have had a quiet night there with that over him. Only, as he was covered up snugly first, perhaps he doesn't know," and Garnett, chuckling to himself at the idea, marched off to have a look at the prize pig.

Meanwhile the young Thornes had arrived, and came strolling round the field, a noticeable pair enough, tall, handsome, and well-dressed, walking side by side in all faith and friendliness, as they were not often to walk again. When people talked of them afterwards, a good many remembered how they looked on that day. Apparently Horace had resolved to throw off his trouble of the night before, and had succeeded. There was something almost defiant in the very brightness of his aspect, and the heat had flushed him a little, so that no one would have echoed Sissy's exclamation of "You don't look well." On the contrary, he was congratulated on his looks by many of his old friends, and seemed full of life and energy.

Turning the corner of one of the tents they came suddenly on the Blakes. There was not one of the four who was utterly unconcerned at that meeting, though the interests and motives which produced the little thrill of excitement were curiously mingled and opposed. Two pairs of eyes flashed bright signals of mutual understanding, the others made no sign of what might be hidden in their depths. Delicately-gloved hands were held out, Mrs. Blake came forward fluent and friendly, and the two groups melted into one.

Horace and Addie led the way round the tent. Percival followed with Lottie and her mother, feeling that he had never rightly appreciated the latter's conversational powers before. When they emerged into the sunlight again they encountered Mrs. Pickering and her girls, and in the talk which ensued, our hero found himself standing by Addie.

"Percival," she said in a low quick voice, "don't be surprised. I want to say a word to you. Look as if it were nothing."

Though he was startled, he contrived not to betray it. After the first moment there is small danger of failing to appear indifferent—very great danger of seeming preternaturally indifferent. Percival had tact enough to avoid this. He listened, and replied with the polite attention which was natural to him, but his manner was tinged—any words I can find seem too coarse to describe it—with just the faintest shade of languor, just the

slightest possible show of scorn and weariness of the great agricultural show itself. It was not enough to attract notice, it was quite enough to preclude any idea of excited interest.

"I am in a little difficulty," said Addie. "You could help me if you would."

"You may command me."

"You will not mind a little trouble? And you would keep my secret? I have no right to ask, but there is no one—I think you are my friend."

"Suppose me a brother for this occasion, Addie. Waste no more time in apologies."

"A brother—be it so. Then, my brother, I have to go through Langley Wood to-morrow evening, and I am afraid to go alone."

"I will gladly be your escort. Where shall I meet you?"

"There is a milestone about a quarter of a mile on the road to our house, after you have passed the gate into the wood. Don't come any further. Somewhere between the gate and that."

"I know it. At what time?"

"Half-past eight, or a few minutes earlier. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly. I will be there."

"If you don't see me before nine don't wait for me. I shall have failed somehow."

"I understand," said Percival.

"I will explain to-morrow. You must trust me till then."

"You shall do as you please. I don't ask for any explanations, remember. Have you been having much croquet lately?"

"Oh, much as usual. Lottie has been beating me, also as usual. We have joined the Fordborough Croquet Club."

"Then I suspect the former members feel small."

"One or two of the best players feel ill-tempered, I think, unless they make-believe very much. Lottie means to win the ivory mallet, she says, and I think she will. Mrs. Rawlinson's sister always considered herself the champion, and I am sure Lottie," &c., &c.

In short, by the time it occurred to anybody that Percival and Addie were talking together, their conversation, carried smoothly on, was precisely what anybody might hear.

The Pickerings went off in one direction, the Blakes in another, and the young men resumed their walk.

"That's over, and the governor not by," said Horace.

"Don't be too secure," was Percival's reply. "Everybody talks about everybody else at Fordborough."

"Well," said Horace, who apparently would not be discouraged, "it's something not to have been standing between the old gentleman and Aunt Middleton, and then to have seen Mrs. Blake sailing straight at one, her face illuminated with a smile visible to the naked eye a quarter of a mile off—eh, Percy?"

"You are a lucky fellow, no doubt," said Percival.

"And, after all, it is quite possible—"

"That you may be a very lucky fellow indeed! Yes, it is quite possible. But I don't quite see what you are after, Horace."

("Nor I," thought Horace to himself, "and that's the charm of it, somehow.")

"Surely it isn't worth while getting into trouble with my grandfather for a mere flirtation."

"If you always stop to think whether a thing is worth while or not, Percy, I wouldn't be you for all the money that ever was coined."

"And if it is more," said the other, not heeding the remark—"I like fair play, but if it is more—"

"What then?" For Percival hesitated.

"We'll talk of that another time," said the latter. "Not now. Only don't be rash. Look, there's Sissy."

"How pretty she is," thought Percival, as they went towards her. "What can Horace see in Addie Blake, that he should prefer her? She is a fine girl, handsome—magnificent, if you like—but Sissy is like a beautiful old picture, sweet and delicate and innocent. I can't fancy her with secrets like Addie with this Langley Wood mystery of hers. If it had not been for that ideal of mine—"

They had reached the two ladies.

Meanwhile Mr. Thorne had listened to more odds and ends of gossip, and had gone on his way, warily searching among the shifting, many-coloured groups. He was curious, and in due time his curiosity was gratified. The Blake girls passed him so closely that he could have touched them. They knew perfectly well who he was, and Lottie looked at him, but Addie passed on, in her queenly fashion, with her head high, apparently not aware of his existence.

"So," said the old gentleman to himself, "that is Horace's taste. Well, she is very superb and disdainful, and I should think Patent Corn-Flour paid pretty well. She might have bestowed a glance on me, as I suppose she destines me the honour of being her grandpapa-in-law, but no doubt she knows what she is about, and it may be wiser to seem utterly unconscious, as Horace has not introduced us yet. Perhaps he will defer that ceremony a little while longer still."

"As for the other, she looked me straight in the face, as if she didn't care a rap for any man living. I shouldn't think that girl was afraid of anything on earth—or under it—or above it, for that matter. A temper of her own, plainly enough. The beautiful Miss Blake is Horace's taste, of course (I could have sworn to that without a word from him), and ninety-nine out of a hundred would agree with him. But if I were five-and-twenty, and had to choose between them, I'd take that fierce-eyed girl—and tame her!"

Of which process it may fairly be conjectured that it would have ended in total defeat for Mr. Thorne, or in mutual and inextinguishable

hatred, or, it might be, for he was hard as well as capricious, in a Lottie like a broken bow. In neither case a very desirable result.

Godfrey Hammond, looking at his watch, and going in the direction of the tent where the potatoes were, perceived Mrs. Rawlinson, and endeavoured to elude her. He loathed the woman, as he candidly owned to himself, because he had once very nearly approached the other extreme. It was a horrible thought. What had come over him and her? Either she was strangely and hideously transformed—and how could he tell that as fearful a change might not have come to him—or else his youth was a time of illusion and bad taste. That perfect time, that golden dawn of manhood, when the world lay before him steeped in rosy light, when every pleasure had its bloom upon it, and every day was crowned with joy—Good heavens! was it *then* that he cared to dance the polka in Fordborough drawing-rooms with Mrs. Rawlinson—Lydia Lloyd as she was of old? Little did that fascinating lady think what disgust at the remembrance of his incredible folly was in his soul as he met her.

For she caught him, and shook hands with him, and would not let him go till she had reminded him of old times as if they might have been yesterday, and might be again to-morrow. He smiled, and blandly made answer as if they two were a pair of antediluvian polka-dancers left in a waltzing age to see another generation spinning gaily round. (He could dance quite as well as Horace when he chose.) Mrs. Rawlinson did not like his style of conversation, and said abruptly—

"I had a talk with Mr. Thorne about half-an-hour ago. I *was* surprised! Mr. Horace Thorne seems to keep the old man quite in the dark."

"Mr. Horace Thorne is a clever fellow, then," said Hammond drily.

"Oh, you know all about it, I dare say. But really I *did* think it was too bad! He didn't seem ever to have heard Miss Blake's name. He certainly didn't know her when he saw her."

"Unfortunate man! For Miss Blake so decidedly eclipses the Fordborough young ladies, that such ignorance is deplorable. No doubt you did what you could to remove it?"

"Well!"—Mrs. Rawlinson tossed her blue bonnet—"I really thought I ought to give him a hint—it seemed to me that it was quite a charity."

"A charity—ah yes, of course. Charity never faileth, does it?" And Hammond raised his hat, and bowed himself off.

## The Moons of Mars.

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ONLY a few months ago we took occasion to consider the planet Mars, with special reference to the question whether it is at present, like our earth, the abode of living creatures, and, in particular, of intelligent beings. The circumstance that Mars was about to make a nearer approach to our earth than he has made for fifteen years, or will again make for forty-seven, seemed to render the occasion a fitting one for discussing questions of interest relating to the planet. Apart, indeed, from the interest with which intelligent persons regard the other worlds of our solar system, it has always seemed to us that exact science, nay, even what may be called professional science, gains, when attention is specially directed to approaching celestial phenomena. For it affords no small encouragement to the systematic observer of the heavens to know that any discoveries he may make during some favourable presentation of a celestial body, will attract the attention they deserve. The experience of the last few years has shown that observations far more interesting and even valuable may be expected under such circumstances, than when the observer has reason to believe that only the routine work of the observatory—work bearing no closer relation to the true science of astronomy than land-surveying bears to geology—need be attended to. Certainly we may congratulate science that on this special occasion, for the first time in the history of astronomy, a great public observatory has obtained results such as heretofore only so-called amateur astronomers—the Herschels, for example, Lassell, Rosse, and so forth—have achieved. Taking advantage of the near approach of the Planet of War, and of the exceptionally favourable conditions under which it could be observed in their latitude, the observers who have under their especial charge the great telescope of the Washington Observatory have scrutinised with special care the neighbourhood of the planet which till lately was called “moonless Mars;” and their skill and watchfulness have been rewarded by the discovery of two moons attending on that planet.

There are several circumstances which render the discovery of these moons in the first place, and in the second the existence of such bodies as attendants on the small planet Mars, exceedingly interesting. These we propose briefly to indicate.

Galileo, after he had completed his largest telescope late in 1609, had to wait for nearly a year before he had a favourable opportunity for studying Mars. Thus he had already discovered the moons of Jupiter and the varying phases of Venus before he could study a planet from which

he must have expected even more interesting results. For on the one hand Mars is seen under much more favourable conditions than Venus, and on the other it approaches us much more closely than Jupiter. In the meantime, Kepler had hazarded the prediction that Mars has two moons—a suggestion which, in the light of the recent discovery, may be called, like “the Pogram statter in marble,” “a pre-diction, cruel smart.” Galileo saw no Martian moons, however, and could, indeed, barely recognise the gibbosity of Mars. From what is now known, indeed, we perceive that one might as hopefully try to read a newspaper at the Faulhorn from the slopes of the Jungfrau, as attempt with such a telescope as Galileo's to detect the minute companions of the War Planet.

Telescope after telescope was thereafter turned on Mars, until the great four-feet mirrors of Sir W. Herschel and Mr. Lassell, and even the mightier six-feet mirror of Parsonstown, had taken part in the survey of the planet and its neighbourhood. But no satellites were discovered ; insomuch that when Tennyson (in the first edition only of his poems) sang of “the snowy poles of moonless Mars,” few astronomers would have hesitated to admit that the description was a tolerably safe one.

There were, however, some who still adhered to the view which Kepler had propounded in 1610. Thus the late Admiral Smyth, after describing the appearance which our earth and her companion moon must present to the inhabitants of Mars (if inhabitants he has), says : “This appearance is not reciprocated ; for though it is not at all improbable that Mars may have a satellite revolving around him, it is probably very small, and close to his disc, so that it has hitherto escaped our best telescopes ; yet, being farther from the sun than the earth is, Mars—if at all habitable—would seem to stand even more in need of a luminous auxiliary.”

This idea, in fact, that planets require more moons the farther they lie from the sun, and not only so, but that their requirements in this respect have been attended to, and each planet carefully fitted out with a suitable number of attendants, is one which has found special favour with many believers in other worlds than ours. Whewell, for instance, who, although in his anonymously-written “Plurality of Worlds” he appeared as an opponent of the theory of other worlds, had earlier, in his less known “Bridgewater Treatise,” expressed opinions strongly favouring that theory, reasons as follows for the belief that satellites were specially made to bless the planets with their useful light : “Turning our attention to the satellites of the other planets of our system, there is one fact which immediately arrests our attention—the number of such attendant bodies appears to increase as we proceed to planets farther and farther from the sun. Such at least is the general rule. Mercury and Venus, the planets nearest the sun, have no such attendants. The earth has one. Mars, indeed, who is still farther removed, has none ; nor have the minor planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas” (when he wrote these only were known) ; “so that the rule is only approximately verified. But Jupiter, who is at five times the earth's distance, has four satellites ; and Saturn,

who is again at a distance nearly twice as great, has seven, besides that most extraordinary phenomenon, his ring (which for purposes of illumination is equivalent to many thousand satellites). Of Uranus it is difficult to speak, for his great distance renders it almost impossible to observe the smaller circumstances of his condition. It does not appear at all probable that he has a ring like Saturn; but he has at least five satellites which are visible to us" (four only are now recognised) "at the enormous distance of 900 millions of miles; and we believe that the astronomer will hardly deny that he" (Uranus, not the astronomer) "may possibly have thousands of smaller ones circulating about him. But leaving conjecture, and taking only the ascertained cases of Venus, the earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, we conceive that a person of common understanding will be strongly impressed with the persuasion that the satellites are placed in the system with a view to compensate for the diminished light of the sun at greater distances," whence we may infer that in subsequently rejecting this opinion, in his '*Plurality of Worlds*,' Whewell showed himself a person of uncommon understanding.

According to Whewell's earlier way of viewing the satellites, however, the fact that Mars seemed to have no satellites was to some degree a difficulty, but not an insuperable one. "The smaller planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas," he said, "differ from the rest in so many ways, and suggest so many conjectures of reasons for such differences, that we should almost expect to find them exceptions to such a rule. Mars is a more obvious exception. Some persons might conjecture from this case, that the arrangement itself, like other useful arrangements, has been brought about by some wider law, which we have not yet detected. But whether or not we entertain such a guess (it can be nothing more), we see in other parts of creation so many examples of apparent exceptions to rules, which are afterwards found to be capable of explanation, or to be provided for by particular contrivances, that no one, familiar with such contemplations, will by one anomaly be driven from the persuasion that the end which the arrangements of the satellites seem suited to answer is really one of the ends of their creation."

According to the method of viewing such matters which is now generally in favour among men of science, the considerations urged by Whewell will not be regarded as of any weight. They would not be so regarded even if the satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, or the rings which surround Saturn, really subserved the purpose which Whewell, Brewster, Chalmers, Dick, Lardner, and others have so complacently dwelt upon. But in reality, apart from the evidence tending to show that none of these planets can at present be inhabited, it is absolutely certain that moonlight on Jupiter and Saturn must be far inferior to moonlight on our earth despite the greater number of moons, while that received by Uranus from his four moons must be scarce superior to the light we receive from Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, so faintly are the Uranian satellites illuminated by a sun nineteen times more remote

than the sun we see. As for the rings of Saturn, they act far more effectively to deprive the planet of sunlight than to illuminate the Saturnian nights. Despite the efforts made by Lardner to defend these appendages from the reflections cast upon them in this respect by Sir J. Herschel, it may be mathematically demonstrated (and has been by the present writer) that the rings cast wide zones of the planet—zones many times exceeding the whole surface of our earth—into total eclipse lasting several years in succession. Even were it otherwise, however, no one, familiar with the evidence which nature multiplies around us, would have been disposed to argue, from the presumed fitness of the Jovian and Saturnian arrangements as to satellites, that Mars has moons. If there is a meaning in the arrangements actually observed which should have led astronomers to believe in the existence of Martian satellites—a view which certainly the discovery of such satellites goes far to confirm—the meaning is one which the laws of physics alone can be expected to interpret.

That Mars should have definitely come to be regarded by nearly all astronomers as without satellites will readily be understood if we consider the nature of the evidence which had been obtained. When Jupiter is at his farthest from us, but in opposition\* (that is, on the side remote from the sun), all four of his satellites, the least of which is rather less than our own moon, are quite easily seen in the smallest telescopes ever used in astronomical observation. Certainly they can then be all seen with a good telescope *one inch* in aperture. At such times Jupiter lies at a distance of about 410 millions of miles from us. Now Mars, when he makes his nearest opposition approaches (as for instance in the present autumn), lies at a distance from us of about 35 millions of miles, or less than Jupiter's in the proportion of about seven to eighty-two, or at not much more than one-twelfth of Jupiter's distance. This would cause a self-luminous body to appear about 140 times brighter at Mars's distance than at Jupiter's. But satellites are not self-luminous. Their brightness depends on sunlight, and the nearer they are to the sun the more brightly they necessarily shine. Mars is illuminated, when nearest to the sun, with an amount of sunlight exceeding that which illuminates Jupiter when farthest from the sun (these being the cases we are dealing with) in a proportion of more than fifteen to one. So that a satellite near Mars, as large as the least satellite of Jupiter, would shine fifteen times 140 times more brightly, or, in round numbers, fully 2,000 times more brightly, than one of those bodies which the observer can readily see with a telescope only one inch in aperture. But most certainly it is not assuming too much to claim for the most powerful telescopes with which Mars's neighbourhood had been searched for satellites

\* The reader must not understand us here to mean that it is when in opposition that Jupiter is farthest from us, for the reverse is the case. It is at his successive oppositions that he makes his nearest approach to the earth; but he is nearer at some oppositions than at others, and we are speaking above of those oppositions when his distance is greatest.

an illuminating power exceeding that of so minute a telescope 400 times. This would have made such a moon as we have imagined appear at least 800,000 times brighter than the least of Jupiter's moons actually appears in a telescope one inch in aperture. If, then, instead of being so large as this—that is, 2,000 miles or so in diameter—a moon of Mars had a diameter so much less that the disc were reduced to one-800,000th part of such a moon's disc, it would be as readily visible with one of the very powerful telescopes above mentioned as is Jupiter's least moon with a one-inch telescope. This would be the case if the diameter were reduced to one-895th part (for 895 times 895 is very nearly equal to 800,000). So that, were it not for one consideration now to be mentioned, it would have seemed that astronomers might safely have assumed that Mars has not a moon exceeding  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles in diameter. The consideration in question is this: a satellite might travel very near to Mars, so that it would always be more or less involved in the luminosity surrounding his disc. The best telescope cannot get rid of this luminosity; for, in fact, it is not an optical but a real light. It is, in fact, our own air, which is lit up by the planet's rays for some distance all round. Now a small satellite amidst this light, even though the planet itself might be kept out of view, would be much less readily viewed than a satellite seen like one of Jupiter's at a great distance from its primary. Yet, as it is known that Jupiter's satellites can be traced right up to the edge of the planet, we do not think so much importance should be attributed to this circumstance as is sometimes done. It should certainly be possible to see a Martian satellite two diameters of the planet, let us say, from the edge, if it shine with twice as much light as would make it visible on a perfectly dark sky. Let us, however, say that the satellite ought to be four times instead of twice as bright. Then the diameter, instead of being  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles in order that a satellite close to Mars should just be visible in a very powerful telescope, should be  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Certainly we should expect that a satellite five miles in diameter would have been long since revealed under the searching scrutiny to which the neighbourhood of Mars has again and again been subjected.

Now it could not but be admitted that a moon five miles or even ten miles in diameter would differ so much from any known moon that the difference must be regarded as rather one of kind than one of degree. No such body had as yet been heard of—at least no such body travelling as an independent moon. A hundred years ago, indeed, men would hardly have been prepared to admit the possibility of a body whose existence, if demonstrated, would have overthrown all their ideas as to the structure of the solar system. They knew of suns, of planets attending on one sun, and of moons attending on several planets, and they knew also of a ring-system accompanying one planet in its course round the sun. Thus they were prepared to recognise new suns, new planets, new moons, and new rings. Sir W. Herschel was nightly engaged in observing hundreds of before unknown suns. He discovered one new planet

(Uranus), several new moons attending on Uranus and Saturn, and, as he thought, a pair of new rings attending on Uranus. But that any of the primary planets should be attended by a moon so small as not to admit of being fairly classed with the other known moons of the solar system would have seemed to most of the astronomers of the last century an idea as inadmissible as that an orbital region of the solar system should be occupied by a number of very small planets instead of a single primary planet. In recent times, however, men have become accustomed to recognise how small is our right to assert definitely the characteristics of suns, planets, moons, rings, and other such orders of bodies in the universe. We have found that, besides such suns as our own, there are some so much larger that they must be regarded as forming a distinct class of giant suns; while others, again, are separated in kind, not merely in degree, from such suns as ours, because of their relative minuteness. We have learned in like manner to distinguish the planets into classes, recognising in the giant planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune a family altogether distinct from that of the terrestrial planets, the earth and Venus, Mars and Mercury; while among the minor planets which throng in hundreds, perhaps in thousands, the orbit region between Mars and Jupiter we find another family separated from the terrestrial planets as definitely by their extreme minuteness as are the giant planets by their enormous dimensions. Among ring-systems, again, we had learned to recognise many varieties. In the rings of Saturn we have a system formed of multitudes of tiny moons travelling so closely together as to appear from our distant station as continuous rings. In the ring of minor planets we have multitudes of tiny planets; but they are so widely strewn that each must be separately sought for with the telescope, and no signs of the ring as a whole can be seen in the heavens. Then we have the rings of meteors, oval for the most part in figure and often curiously eccentric as well as extended; sometimes complete rings, or nearly so, like those which produce the August displays of shooting-stars; sometimes incomplete, and at others known only by "the gem of the ring," one rich region in the entire circuit.

But even with our actual knowledge of the diversity existing among the orders of bodies constituting the material universe, we were scarcely prepared to hear of moons like those of Mars. It is not the smallness of these bodies which is so surprising. There would have been nothing very remarkable in the existence of even smaller moons attending on any of the minor planets. Nor is it merely the enormous difference of dimensions between the planet and its moons; for in the case of Jupiter we have a planet whose moons bear a very much smaller proportion to the mass of their primary than our moon bears to the earth; and, though the disproportion is nothing nearly so great as that between Mars and his moons, it would still prepare us for recognising any degree almost of disproportion between a planet and its satellite. The strange circumstance in the actual case lies in the fact that Mars belongs to a known family

of planets, viz. the terrestrial family of which our earth is a leading member; and hitherto it had appeared as if all moons attending on the planets of one and the same class belonged themselves to one and the same class. The range of diversity of magnitude among the moons, for instance, attending on the giant planets, though considerable, is not such as to prevent us from regarding these moons as all of one class. Then, too, it seemed from the fact that our own moon is of the same class as those others, that, speaking generally, diversity of size is not to be looked for to the same degree among moons even attending on planets of different classes, as among planets or among suns. Certainly there was nothing in the past experience of astronomers to suggest that a planet like Mars, belonging to the same class as our earth, might have a moon or moons belonging to an altogether inferior class.

It was, then, with a sense of astonishment, which would have been mingled with doubt but for the altogether unexceptionable source whence the information came, that astronomers heard of the discovery of two Martian satellites with the great telescope of the Washington Observatory.

The discoverer of the satellites, and the telescope with which they were discovered, both promised well for the truth of what some regarded at first as a mere report.

Professor Asaph Hall, who has long been known as one of that band of skilful and original observers of which American astronomy has just reason to be proud, had during the last few years made many observations showing that, besides scientific skill, he possesses a keen eye. Some of his observations were such as must have taxed even the power of the noble instrument which has lately been erected at Washington. For instance, the faintest of Saturn's satellites, the coy Hyperion, though discovered nearly thirty years ago, had been very little observed, inasmuch that the true path of this small moon (a perfect giant, however, compared with the Martian satellites) had not been determined. In 1875, Professor Hall undertook the difficult task of closely observing this body; and now, at last, astronomers at least know where, at any hour, on any night, Hyperion is to be looked for, though the search would be to very little purpose with any save two or three of the most powerful telescopes in existence. Again, amongst other of his observations which required keen vision and patient watchfulness, must be cited the re-determination of the period in which the planet Saturn turns on its axis. This he accomplished in the year 1876. But, undoubtedly, the detection of the Martian satellites must be regarded as a far more noteworthy achievement than either of these.

The telescope which Professor Hall has been privileged to use may fairly be described as the finest refractor yet mounted. Newall, in England, has a telescope 25 inches in aperture, which, until the Washington telescope had been made, was the largest refractor in existence. The Washington instrument has an aperture of 26 inches, making its

illuminating power between one-twelfth and one-thirteenth greater. But this telescope is also remarkable for the skill with which it has been made by Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass. We know few more interesting histories in scientific biography than that which records the progress of Alvan Clark's labours in the construction of object-glasses—from the first small one which he made (which fell from his hands and was destroyed within a few moments of its completion) to the noble telescope which was mounted at Washington five years ago, after meeting satisfactorily all the tests applied to it by Mr. Clark and his two sons, who inherit his energy and skill. But in this place we must be content with noting that all who have ever used object-glasses constructed by the Clarks have found their optical performance all but perfect ; in fact, as nearly perfect as can be obtained from lenses made of a substance which cannot possibly be altogether free from defects, however carefully prepared. Those observers at Washington who have used the great telescope systematically, agree in regarding with peculiar favour the performance of the great compound lens which forms what is technically called its object-glass.

When, then, news came that Professor Hall, using this powerful instrument, had discovered two satellites of Mars, even those who at first supposed the news to be a mere report, felt that the observer and the telescope were alike worthy of being credited with a success of the kind.

But in reality there was no room for doubt from the beginning. The news had been telegraphed to Leverrier by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and by Leverrier announced to English and Continental observers. It was known that an arrangement had been made by the oceanic telegraph companies to forward such intelligence, and that the news must of necessity have come from the source indicated. So that several days or so before details of the discovery reached Europe, the present writer communicated it to the *Times* (in a letter which appeared on Saturday, August 25), or less than a week after the second moon had been detected, as a discovery not open to doubt or question.

Within two days from this, or on August 27, the brothers Henry were able to recognise the outer satellite with the fine telescope of the Paris Observatory ; but it was very faint, and could only be seen when the planet was screened from view. In the meantime, however, two other telescopes in America had been used to bring these tiny bodies into view. One of these was the fine 15-inch Merz refractor\* of the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., celebrated in the history of astronomy as that wherewith Saturn's satellite Hyperion had been detected in 1848. The other was an instrument as large, and doubtless

\* We use the technical term "refractor" as the only convenient way of describing a telescope with an object-glass, as distinguished from a telescope with a mirror or speculum, which is called a "reflector."

as powerful, as the Washington telescope itself. It will have been noticed, perhaps, that, in speaking of the latter above, we said that it is the finest refractor yet mounted, not the finest yet made. Messrs. Alvan Clark have made a companion instrument for the observatory of Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, one of those munificent patrons of science of whom (of late, in particular) America has just reason to be proud. The instrument has not yet left Messrs. Clark's factory, and cannot be said to have been yet (properly speaking) mounted. But the Clarks managed to get it turned upon Mars, and were able to see the Martian satellites. There is another very fine telescope, by the way, also made by Messrs. Clark & Sons, which is now erected at Chicago, where one of the most eminent observers of double stars, Mr. S. W. Burnham, has long pursued his labours. Its object-glass is 18 inches in aperture ; and we should have expected that, with this aperture and Mr. Burnham's keen vision, the Martian satellites would have been brought into view. We do not hear, however, of their being seen at Chicago. Perhaps unfavourable weather prevented any observations being made there.

The first news was expressed in telegraph-language, and was imperfect. It ran thus : "Two satellites of Mars discovered by Hall at Washington. First elongation west August 18, eleven hours, Washington time. Distance eighty seconds. Period, thirty hours. Distance of second, fifty seconds." This being interpreted (or, rather, the latter part being interpreted), means that the outermost, in its circuit around Mars, had reached its greatest apparent westerly range at 11 p.m., Washington time, August 18, or about 4 a.m., August 19, Greenwich time (which astronomers would call August 18, sixteen hours Greenwich time), and that at this time its seeming distance from the centre of Mars was about one twenty-fourth part of the apparent diameter of the moon. As to the other satellite the news did not convey much information. It implied that the distance was five-eighths that of the outer moon ; but whether that was the greatest distance, or the distance at the hour named, there was nothing to show. As it turned out, there was a mistake about this moon, for the greatest range of the moon, east and west of Mars, amounted only to about three-fifths of the distance named.

In the circular issued by the Secretary of the United States Navy (the Hon. R. W. Thompson), dated August 21, 1877, a copy of which reached the present writer on September 3, fuller and more correct details are given, in a form, however, which would be quite unsuited to these pages. We will endeavour to present their meaning correctly, but without technical expressions.

The outer satellite travels at a distance from Mars's centre, such that, when the planet is at its nearest, the extreme apparent span of the satellite's path would be about one-eleventh part of the moon's apparent diameter. In actual length this range is about 28,600 miles, half of which represents the distance from the centre of the planet—about 14,300 miles. As Mars has a diameter of about 4,600 miles, the distance of the satellite from

his surface is about 12,000 miles, or, roughly, about one-twentieth of the distance which separates the moon from the earth. This other moon travels round Mars in thirty hours fourteen minutes, the possible error in this determination at present being about two minutes. We have seen that it must be a very small moon. The present writer, in an article in the *Spectator* which appeared before the circular above mentioned had reached Europe, had indicated ten miles as the greatest diameter which could possibly be assigned to this body. Let us hear what Professor Newcomb, the eminent mathematician who presides over the astronomical department of the Washington Observatory, who has himself seen the satellite, has to say on this point. Writing to the *New York Tribune* he remarks that "the first question which will naturally arise is, Why have these objects not been seen before? The answer is, that Mars is now nearer to the earth than he has been at any time since 1845, when the great telescopes of the present day had hardly begun to be known. In 1862, when Mars was again pretty near to the earth, we may suppose that they were not looked for with the two or three telescopes which alone would have shown them. In 1875 Mars was too far south of the equator to be advantageously observed in high northern latitudes. The present opportunity of observing the planet is about the best that could possibly occur. At the next opposition, in October 1879, there is hope that the satellites may again be observed with the great telescope at Washington; but Professor Newcomb thinks that during the following ten years, when, owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, he will be much farther from the earth at opposition, the satellites may be invisible with all the telescopes of the world. In the present year it is hardly likely that they will be visible after October. The satellites may be considered as by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is hardly possible to make anything like a numerical estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light. But one might safely agree to ride round one of them in a railway car between two successive meals, or to walk round in easy stages during a very brief vacation. In fact, supposing the surface of the outer one to have the same reflecting power as that of Mars, its diameter cannot be much more than ten miles, and may be less. Altogether these objects must be regarded as among the most remarkable members of the solar system."

Assigning to this satellite a diameter of ten miles—which we ourselves, for the reasons above indicated, consider too large—it would appear, at a distance of 12,000 miles, with a diameter equal to about the tenth of our moon's, and therefore with a disc equal to about a hundredth of hers in apparent area. But being less brightly illuminated it would shine with less than the hundredth part of her light. Mars receives from the sun (and therefore his moons receive) between one-half and one-third as much light as our earth and moon receive, about half when Mars is at his nearest to the sun, and about one-third when he is at his farthest

from the sun. Thus the light given by the farther of his two moons varies from one two-hundredth to one three-hundredth part of our moon's. This part, then, of the Martian moonlight is but small in amount, and certainly cannot go far to compensate the Martians (as compared with us Terrestrials) for their greater distance from the sun.

Of course this moon passes through all the phases which we recognise in the case of our own moon. It travels very rapidly among the constellations of the Martian heavens, which are exactly the same in all respects as those we see. In very little over thirty hours it traverses the entire circuit of the heavens; or over what would correspond to one of our zodiacal signs in two and a half hours: whereas our own moon takes more than two and a quarter days traversing one of these signs. Its rate of motion may be best inferred, however, from the statement that, if our moon travelled as fast, she would traverse a distance equal to her own diameter in a little over two and a half minutes, so that her motion among the stars would be quite obvious to ordinary vision. Perhaps the reader may be interested to know which constellations are traversed by this Martian moon in the course of its circuit of the heavens. The zodiac of Mars, or the pathway of the sun and planets, is nearly the same as ours; but her outer moon, instead of travelling, as ours does, within the zodiac, and indeed in a course nearly approaching the sun's, ranges far to the north and south of the solar pathway in each circuit. Its path crosses the ecliptic (passing from the southern to the northern side) at a point between the two stars which mark the tips of the Bull's horns. It runs thence over a rather barren region north of the twin stars Castor and Pollux, over the Lesser Lion, through the Hair of Berenice, where it attains its greatest northerly distance from the sun's track. Thence it passes onwards across the feet of the Herdsman, the body of the Serpent, and the feet of the Serpent-Holder, crossing the sun's track near the right foot of this worthy. On its track, now south of the sun's, it passes over the Bow of the Archer, and thence over his hind feet (the gentleman is of the Centaur persuasion), over the head of the Crane, and along the Southern Fish (not the southernmost of the Tied Fishes belonging to the zodiac, but the single fish into whose mouth the Water-Bearer pours a stream of water); ranging very closely past the bright star Fomalhaut (which it must sometimes hide, just as our own moon sometimes hides the bright Antares and Aldebaran). Thence the Martian moon passes athwart the Sea Monster and the River Eridanus, over the Bull, passing very close indeed to Aldebaran (which it must sometimes hide from view), to its starting-place between the horns of the Bull. The circuit we have just described is very nearly the celestial equator of the Martian heavens. (The north pole of the Martians lies near the Tail of the Swan, and the bright star Aristed of this constellation must be their north polar star; the southern pole-star for the Martians is the star Alpha of the Peacock: neither this star, nor any part of the constellation, is visible in our northern latitudes.)

One peculiar effect of this outer moon's rapid motion among the stars is that it moves very slowly in the Martian skies. The whole of the heavenly sphere, as seen from Mars, is of course carried from east to west just as with us, except that, instead of completing a circuit in twenty-four hours, it requires twenty-four hours thirty-seven minutes twenty-two seconds and seven-tenths, that being the length of the Martian day. Their outer moon shares this motion with the stars; but as it is itself travelling all the time from west to east among the stars, going once round in thirty hours fourteen minutes, or travelling nearly as fast *this way* as it is carried *the other*, it appears to move very slowly with reference to the horizon. Suppose it, for instance, rising in the east in company with Fomalhaut. The stellar heavens are carried round, and Fomalhaut passes over to the west in twelve hours nineteen minutes. But the moon has in this time moved away eastwards from the star by nearly two-fifths of a complete circuit, or four-fifths of the range from west to east. Instead, therefore, of being on the western horizon with the star, the moon has passed only one-fifth of the way from the eastern horizon. In another half-day she has travelled two-fifths of the way, and so on. So that, roughly, this moon occupies five half-days, or about sixty hours, in passing from the eastern to the western horizon. She is the same length of time below the horizon. In other words, strange though it may seem, this moon, which travels round Mars, or circuits the stellar heavens, in thirty hours, only completes her circuit of the Martian skies in about 120 hours. She passes through her phases in a little over thirty hours fourteen minutes; for, supposing her to start from the sun's place on her eastward course, she gets round again to the place he had occupied among the stars in thirty hours fourteen minutes, by which time he has travelled only a very slight distance eastwards, over which she, with her rapid motion, very quickly passes. Thus while she is above the horizon, which she is for about sixty hours, she passes twice through all her phases. "Imagine her, for instance, rising with the sun. With his swifter diurnal (or apparent) motion westwards he leaves her behind, and when he sets she is, precisely as in the case before considered, only a fifth of the way above the eastern horizon, and already nearly full, being nearly opposite the sun. Very soon after sunset she is full; and when the sun is about to rise in the east again she is far on the wane, being past her third quarter, for she is now but two-fifths of the way from the eastern horizon, where he is. He travels on, her disc waning more and more, till when he overtakes her, in the mid-heavens, she is "new" in the astronomical sense; that is, invisible. He passes to the west; and when he sets she is near her first quarter, being two-fifths of the way from his place on the western horizon. She waxes till near morning time; but when the sun rises in the east she is beginning to wane, for she is now about a fifth of the way from the place opposite to him in the west. He travels on, her disc waning more and more, until about the time of sunset, when it is new moon, the sun and moon setting together.

But even more singular, though simpler, is the behaviour of the second moon. We know less of the inner than of the outer moon, because it is far more difficult to see. The brothers Henry, of the Paris Observatory, who caught the outer moon, failed utterly to see the inner one. But it is known that its distance from the centre of Mars is about 5,800 miles, or from the planet's surface about 3,500 miles. This moon may have a somewhat larger diameter than the other, because its proximity to Mars would naturally make it more difficult to see, and might account for astronomers failing to perceive a moon which, at the distance of the outer, must long since have been detected. If we allow to it a diameter of fifteen miles, or about one-18,000th of our moon's, its disc at the same distance as ours would be only about one-1,100th of the disc of our moon. But that proximity to Mars which makes this moon so faint to our eyes must of course make it much larger to theirs. It so happens that this effect of proximity causes the moon to appear larger to almost one-fourth the degree in which her real surface (or disc seen at equal distance) is less than that of our moon, on the assumption we have made. Thus she has a disc, always on this assumption be it remembered, equal to about a quarter of our moon's; and being illuminated by the sun, like the other moon, with a light varying from one-half to one-third that which he pours on the earth, it follows that the light she reflects to Martians, or would reflect to them if there were any such beings, varies from one-eighth to one-twelfth of that which we receive from the full moon. The two moons together do not, under the most favourable conditions, supply one-seventh of the light which the full moon gives to us.

But it is by her motions that this moon is rendered most remarkable among all the satellites of the solar system. She travels round the planet, or, as seen from the planet, she completes her circuit of the stellar heavens, in about 7 hours 38½ minutes. This is less than a third of the time in which Mars turns on his axis, or in which the stellar heavens are carried round from east to west. So that, as his nearer moon travels more than three times as fast from west to east as the heavens are carried from east to west, it follows that she has an excess of real eastwardly motion equivalent to more than twice the rate of motion of the star-sphere westwards. She moves, then, in appearance, from the western to the eastern horizon, and in less than half the time in which the stars or the sun are carried from the eastern to the western horizon, thus completing her apparent motion across the skies from west to east in about five hours. As she goes through all her phases in about seven hours thirty-nine minutes there are not so many changes in her aspect while she is above the horizon as there are in the case of the outer moon. Her strangest feature is her rapid motion eastwards, causing her to pass from the western to the eastern horizon, instead of the usual way round. Her actual motions among the stars would be very obvious to such vision as ours; for she traverses a distance equal to our moon's apparent diameter in forty seconds!

The moons of Mars have proved as communicative respecting their primary as our own moon has shown herself respecting our earth. As Newcomb well remarks, Leverrier's determination of the mass of Mars (at about one-118th part of our earth's mass) was the product of a century of observations and several years of laborious calculation by a corps of computers; whereas from the measures of the satellite on four nights only, ten minutes' computation gave a value of the planet's mass in striking agreement with Leverrier's—viz., one-113th of the earth's mass. Moreover, this value, though obtained in so short a time, is more trustworthy than Leverrier's. It amounts to a reduction of the planet's mass by one-200th part of the earth's, or by a trifle of about thirty millions of millions of tons.

We may add, in conclusion, two curious anticipations of the late discovery. One is well known—Swift's account (probably corrected in this place by Arbuthnot, for Swift was no arithmetician) of the discoveries made by the Laputan astronomers. "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars," he says, "or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours and the latter in  $21\frac{1}{2}$ , so that the squares of their periodical times are very nearly in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars, which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies." The other is from Voltaire's *Micromégas, Histoire Philosophique*. The Sirian giant, with a Saturnian friend, visited the neighbourhood of Mars: "Ils côtoyèrent la planète de Mars, qui, comme on sait, est cinq fois plus petite que notre petit globe; ils virent deux lunes qui servent à cette planète, et qui ont échappé aux regards de nos astronomes. Je sais bien que le père Castel écrira, et même assez plaisamment, contre l'existence de ces deux lunes; mais je m'en rapporte à ceux qui raisonnent par analogie. Ces bons philosophes-là savent combien il serait difficile que Mars, qui est si loin du soleil, se passât à moins de deux lunes." Beyond all doubt both these pleasantries had their origin in the idea thrown out by Kepler in 1610, when Galileo announced to him the discovery of the four moons of Jupiter.\*

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\* Since the above was written Mr. Wentworth Erck, of Sherrington, Bray, has announced that the outer satellite has been seen three times with his seven-inch Alvan Clark telescope. In one of these observations a small star was certainly seen; the others seem to have been real observations of the satellite. Either Newcomb must have underestimated the satellite's brightness, or else its surface is of such a nature that it varies in lustre.

## A Swiss Bath in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

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SOME description has been given in a former paper of the humours of this ancient watering-place in the olden time. Besides the accounts of the Florentine Poggio Bracciolini, and of Montaigne, there exists a very voluminous history of the town and baths of Baden in Aargau, published in 1578, by the learned Doctor Heinrich Pantaleon, of Bâle, which contains some curious particulars of manners, but is on the whole too wordy and tedious to be acceptable reading now-a-days.

During the hundred and sixty years which intervened between Bracciolini's Latin epistle and the publication of Pantaleon's history, some changes had of course taken place in Baden ; but the main features of the life there seem to have been but little altered. There were the public baths for the poor, the private ones in the inns, the promenades by the Limmat, and the general tone of feasting and junketing, much as the Florentine describes them. Only it is fair to remark that Dr. Pantaleon expresses great indignation against the light-minded and scandalous utterances of Bracciolini respecting certain phases of Baden life, and says, with a blunt disregard of circumlocutions, "Here may one well discern what manner of minds the Italians had in those days, and how given to lewdness. For there was really no wickedness among those simple and pious German bath-guests, men and women ; but, on the contrary, only blameless and cheerful enjoyment after the custom of their country."

Fourteen hundred and seventeen was, perhaps, scarcely so blameless in its jollity as worthy Dr. Pantaleon, writing in 1578, assumes it to have been. Still there is little doubt but that Bracciolini's picture was rendered inaccurate as a portrait by its rich Italian tone of colouring ! It is curious to observe the modifications gradually brought about by the course of time, not only in external manners and customs, but in the whole tone of social sentiment. Each century presents some marked points of contrast with its predecessor, and all differ singularly from our own in various particulars.

The Zurichers appear always to have been disposed towards gaiety and enjoyment. Such is the character given them by their countryman David Hess, in his book about Baden, and such, indeed, is the impression produced by all the accounts concerning their relations with Baden. So great was their passion for visiting the baths, and making holiday there,

that their governors endeavoured on several occasions to check it by legal enactments ! \* But the motives for making these enactments were very different at different periods. For example, in 1483 the Cantons, or "states" as they were then called, of Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Glarus, called in all the current pieces of five *hellers*, popularly known as *Fünfer*. Zurich alone refused to adhere to this measure; but the innkeepers and dealers in Baden would only accept the *Fünfer* for four *hellers* instead of five, whilst the Zurichers insisted on the coin being taken at its full value; and hence arose so much bickering, quarrelling, and even violence, as to threaten to give rise to serious hostilities. Baden began to make warlike preparations, and to appeal to the other States for support and assistance, and the Government of Zurich, in order to put an end to these dangerous dissensions, forbade its subjects to visit the baths altogether. This state of things did not last very long however. By the mediation of Burgomaster Waldmann,† who was himself a devoted frequenter of Baden, the quarrel was appeased by the Badeners making submission. The mayor and twelve citizens of Baden went as a deputation from the town to the Great Council of Zurich, and there begged for reconciliation in these precise words: "If we have angered your Wisdoms, we pray you earnestly for God's sake to forgive us." So then the embargo was taken off again, and Zurich once more danced merrily to the piping of the Baden innkeepers.

Very different was the motive for a similar prohibition decreed less than fifty years later. The Reformation had taken deep root in Zurich, —and indeed it is curious to remark how firm a hold Protestantism has had from the beginning amongst a population so much the reverse of ascetic or sober-minded by nature—whereas Baden remained, and remains to this day, staunchly Catholic. In 1529, soon after the acceptance of the reformed doctrines in Zurich, the citizens of that town were exposed to very uncivil usage at the hands of the zealously orthodox Badeners; and, in some instances, to treatment very much worse than uncivil. Unfair means were taken to constrain dying persons to confess and take the sacrament; burial was denied to the corpses of heretics; sick people were plagued, sound ones disturbed, in the performance of their religious worship; and all exposed to such constant insults and contumely from the populace, that the Zurich Government once more interdicted all intercourse with Baden to its subjects, on pain of a fine of four silver marks. But by degrees these unpleasant feelings became softened, and the edict was withdrawn or

\* There is a tradition that at one time every Zurich lady insisted on having it inserted in her marriage contract that she was to be allowed to visit Baden at least once every year.

† Mention has been made of him, and of his tragical end, in the paper entitled "A Fashionable Bath in the Olden Time."

forgotten. Indeed, by the year 1646, Zurich was as numerously represented as ever in its favourite playground, as appears by the following circumstances.

Such was the zeal and paternal care with which the lay and ecclesiastical authorities took to heart the spiritual welfare of their flock, that the reverend body of prebendaries of Zurich was solemnly entrusted by the Government with the task of watching over public morality. Now to these grave gentlemen come one day the terrible tidings from Baden that Zurich wives and maidens are not only giving occasion for scandal there by the wanton luxury of their apparel, and by handling playing cards, but that they have actually been seen in sundry open and public places to—play at skittles! One is tempted to wonder why the game of skittles should have been deemed so especially damnable in its nature by these worthy Puritans, but that it was so deemed there can be no manner of doubt; for Prebendary Suter, President Rahn, and Governor Hirzel were forthwith charged to take measures for having the matter discussed at a general Evangelical Conference, and for putting an end to such abominable improprieties! Moreover, in the innumerable decrees and regulations concerning public morals which followed each other in quick succession about this time, there constantly recurs a clause prohibiting the Zurichers from visiting Baden on Sundays and days set apart by the Church for special devotion. But, alas! let the prebendaries and the preachers strive as they would, the jolly Zurichers continued to divert themselves at the baths. And not seldom it was the members of the Government themselves, or their wives and daughters, who set the example of disregarding these paternal regulations.

There did, however, come a time when the prohibition to visit Baden was not only solemnly proclaimed, but generally approved, and strictly observed for the space of fully six years. It came to pass as follows: Zurich and Berne had been carrying on a war against the five old Catholic Cantons—viz. Schwyz, Unterwalden, Uri, Zug, and Glarus. During these hostilities Baden had shown herself, as usual, strongly favourable to the five Cantons, had harboured their garrisons, and, even after the conclusion of peace, and despite the repeated remonstrances of Berne and Zurich, had strengthened and renewed the fortifications of the ancient castle, or *Stein von Baden*, recommenced the old insults and persecutions against “heretics,” and had altogether conducted herself with marked and open enmity and contempt towards Zurich. So great was the indignation, and so bitter the public feeling in Zurich, that when the Government was at length induced to make a stringent law forbidding its subjects to hold any intercourse with Baden on any pretence whatever under pain of severe punishment, the decree was received with loud and general approbation. It was conscientiously observed, too, with but few and trifling exceptions. And thus a rich source of gain was shut to Baden. This was in 1659. The Badeners soon began to discover the mistake they had made, and to repent their unfair and impru-

dent partisanship. But they could not immediately resolve to perform that unpleasant ceremony vulgarly known as eating humble pie; whilst the Zurichers, for their part, were firmly resolved that they should partake copiously of that bitter dish, before being readmitted into favour. Thus matters went on until the month of February, 1665. In the following March the prohibition would expire, having been originally framed to extend over only six years; and on February 1, the question was proposed in the General Assembly of Councillors and Burghers of Zurich, whether or not the prohibition, then about to run out, should be renewed? Notwithstanding that by this time large numbers of Zurichers were heartily longing to return to their diversions, and that many sick persons were really in need of the healing waters, yet it was resolved, by a majority of one hundred and six votes, to renew the prohibition for six more years, "seeing that the Badeners refused to make due submission."

Then, indeed, arose much lamentation and disquietude of spirit in the baths. Already during the previous year the Hinterhof (one of the most ancient and important inns in the place) had been put up to public auction by reason of the total decline of custom, and there were widespread difficulty and distress. Finally, after long deliberation, the "Lesser Council" of Baden, together with eight of the oldest members of the "Great Council," came to a resolution on June 8, 1665. They drew up an address to ask leave of the Government of Zurich to send a deputation thither, which request was graciously granted. It is worth noting, as a trait of manners, and an indication that Swiss liberty by no means involved an indifference to etiquette and the claims of superiors on the deference of inferiors, that the first address voted by Baden, having been drawn up without due regard to form and the ceremonious observance of titles, was simply sent back unanswered by the haughty burghers who then ruled over the free state of Zurich! A second address was prepared in which all such sins of omission were remedied, and despatched with the apologetic statement on the part of the Badeners that their town clerk, being then new and inexperienced in his office, had inadvertently failed to express himself in terms of befitting ceremony and respect. And now at last the deputation was received, pardon asked for and accorded, and things promised to return to their old friendly footing. The prohibition was cancelled on June 22, and once more Baden was open to the pleasure-loving subjects of Zurich.

One or two of the stipulations which Zurich required to be agreed to before she would rescind the prohibition are worth noting. Flesh meat was to be prepared in the inn kitchens for those of the Reformed Faith, even on fast days. No Protestant was to be disturbed in his Bible-reading, praying, or psalm-singing. The rents of lodgings in Baden were not to be too high. (A somewhat vague provision this!) All abuse and reviling of Zurichers, whether on the part of laymen or ecclesiastics, was to cease *in the pulpit and out of it!* And so on, and so on. Mean-

while a feverish activity reigned at the baths. No sooner was the first submissive overture made by their town council than the Badeners began to speculate on a renewal of the good days when guests thronged their inns and lodging houses, and to prepare every available nook and corner for the expected influx of visitors. Nor were their calculations disappointed. Within three days after the withdrawal of the famous prohibition—that is to say, by about June 25, 1665—every lodging in the baths, and even in the upper town, was crowded, and the inns were overflowing. So enormous was the concourse, and so universal the desire amongst the Zurichers to revisit Baden, that even far on into the autumn of that year there was not a garret unoccupied. And the wife of the worshipful Burgomaster Waser—of whose wonderful “bath-gifts” mention has been made in a preceding paper—was forced to put up with the chamber in the Stadhof, known as “The Paradise,” of which lodging the Burgomaster complains in a manner that leads one to suppose “The Paradise” was named on a *lucus a non lucendo* principle.

From this time forward the Zurichers continued to have free access to Baden, and the present writer can testify that they still frequent it in considerable numbers, although the increased facilities of communication have modified the length of their stay there. Baden is now but half an hour's railway journey from Zurich, and it is consequently easy for the citizens of the latter place to spend a day at the baths and return home to sleep. One curious commentary on the old prohibitions against visiting Baden on Sundays and solemn religious festivals—which we have seen were vainly promulgated in the seventeenth century—must not be omitted. To begin with, Sunday is still by far the most popular day with the Zurichers for a visit to Baden. But on one special Sunday, during the past autumn (it was September 17), we observed an unusual amount of preparation for guests at the *table-d'hôte* of our inn there. The long tables had stretched themselves almost from wall to wall, and had even been drawn out into an adjoining room, and the rows of rush-bottomed chairs were set thickly together regardless of elbow-room. “What is to happen to-day?” we asked of the landlord, who was, together with all his domestic *aides-de-camp*, male and female, evidently expecting a grand field-day.

“Oh, we shall have a hundred extra people from Zurich to-day. I don't know where to put them.”

“Really? Your house is highly favoured!”

“No; not my house specially. There isn't an hotel or an eating-house or a tavern in the place that won't be crowded this afternoon.”

“Good gracious! Why to-day of all days in the year?”

“Oh, because to-day is a great solemnity in the Reformed Church of Zurich. It is a great fast in Zurich—a *very* strict fast; and so—the Zurichers come to Baden to get a good dinner!”

It struck me that this was a delightful illustration of its not being Sunday “in the back yard,” and at the same time a proof that the good

people of Zurich still retain the irresistible *penchant* towards merrymaking and good cheer which seems to have distinguished them centuries ago.

It must, for truth's sake, be admitted that the jollity in Baden sometimes was carried to an excess which led to results anything but jolly. Unfortunately jollity was inseparably connected with drinking, and drinking does not sweeten the temper or soften the manners. However, in the Baden brawls of which we have record the ludicrous far predominates over the ferocious. The archives of the Town Council of Baden are full of queer legal documents relating to such affairs as the following, which is selected as a fair specimen. In the year 1670 a party of young gentlemen, after dining at mid-day with some ladies of condition, and drinking innumerable toasts with more enthusiasm than discretion, went later to pay a visit to their fair hostesses in the bath, according to the custom already described. There, being inspired to doughty deeds by the wine they had drunk—not to mention the bright eyes of the ladies—they began to vie with each other in sundry gymnastic exercises! One of their feats was to jump backwards and forwards across the bath with drawn swords in their hands. But lo, before long one missed his spring, and then another, and finally they all plumped into the warm water, and sat there in their smart laced coats, in rather rueful guise. Soon they grew quarrelsome: first sharp words were exchanged, then injurious epithets, then sundry boxes on the ear, and finally—to the no small terror of the ladies, we are told—several of the party challenged each other to mortal combat. For my part, I think that the extant chronicles deal all too easily and phlegmatically with the alarm and discomfiture of the poor ladies on this occasion. Only try to imagine their feelings on beholding these more than half-drunk beaux leaping and tumbling over their bath with drawn swords, floundering about in the water, shouting, cursing, and cuffing each other, and the scene ending with a challenge to a duel! Perhaps the ladies were used to the sort of thing. The whole story reads like a page out of a comedy by Vanbrugh. My Lady Brute and the heroines of the Charles the Second dramatists had worse things to put up with, and were railed at into the bargain with the fine wit which distinguished the exquisite gallants of that "merry" period. And in the present case there was no blood drawn, and no bones broken. All the party were brought up before the civil tribunal, fined for their insulting language, reprimanded for their intemperate behaviour, and bound over in penalties of one hundred thalers each to keep the peace towards each other, "and to be, and remain thenceforward, good friends together." So that one may afford to laugh at the absurd picture of these heroes, dragged out of the tepid water, and brought up in their dripping finery, sword in hand, before the grave magistrates of Baden.

We have seen some contemporary descriptions of this Swiss watering-place in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. There is

extant an account of it, written and published in the eighteenth century, which contains details not less curious than those of the earlier chronicles. The writer is a certain gentleman of Neufchâtel, named David François de Merveilleux, sometime an officer in the service of His Majesty King Louis XV. of France. De Merveilleux has neither literary reputation, like Bracciolini and Montaigne, nor learning and simplicity like Dr. Pantaleon ; he is a frivolous, gossiping, swaggering fellow, not wholly truthful, and devoured by vanity. And yet his book, which he entitles “Amusemens des Bains de Bade en Suisse, de Schinznach, et de Pfeffers,” is very amusing ; and anyone who reads it, with due allowance for the weaknesses of the writer, may gather a great deal of trustworthy information from it as to the manners and customs of that day. The work was published anonymously, in 1739, with the date on its title-page—probably a false one—of “London.” The author gives out that he was travelling in company with “an English lord,” and some Swiss ladies whose acquaintance they made in Bâle, and that they passed through Schinznach to Baden, from whence he writes a series of letters. In these letters he describes the manners of the society at the baths, and intersperses his text with all manner of anecdotes—some of them by no means of an edifying kind, and smacking greatly of the tone of French garrison talk, from which source, indeed, they were in all likelihood mainly derived. But most of his descriptions of actual circumstances and personages at the baths are evidently genuine. The ladies of the party, whom he speaks of as “nos belles Basloises,” were not wandering princesses of doubtful reputation, but belonged to good families in Bâle. Their husbands, and in some cases their fathers, were of the company—a circumstance which slips out by the way in the course of De Merveilleux’s narrative, he having begun by ignoring the existence of such troublesome appendages to “nos belles Basloises.” Here is his preliminary flourish of trumpets before they set off :—

“ We have at length resolved to go to the baths of Baden to see the Swiss Diet, at which it is said the French Ambassador will be present. Some of our young beaux are in a state of extraordinary gaiety, others very dull. I have penetrated the cause of this. It is for want of money to accompany their fair friends. Milord, having learnt this, supplies everything (*il supplée à tout*), and we shall set off all together, with our Bâloises well rigged out after the fashion of their country. Milord has ransacked the shops for silk stockings all alike. They are rose-colour. As for me, I pay for the ribbons of the garters, and provide hair powder for our belles, which they asked me for without ceremony. Their request was acceded to on the spot. I add to this some good wine of Burgundy and champagne, and also some Frontignan. The latter is our ladies’ favourite wine, and there will be no stint of it. The husbands will start first, to secure lodgings and send us carriages.”

What a delightful, comical, impertinent curious picture ! Milord, who supplies everything—poor Milord ! ‘Tis his traditional rôle when-

ever he makes his appearance on the Continental scene!—and ransacks the shops for rose-coloured silk stockings, whilst the gallant officer of Louis le Bien-aimé finds garters and hair-powder, and swaggers a little about his liberality in the matter of Frontignan!

Presently the fathers of "*nos belles*" inform the party that the arrival of the French Ambassador (Dominique Jacques de Barberie, Vicomte de Courteilles) at Baden is put off, by reason of his Excellency's having an inflammation in the foot; and they counsel Milord and company to spend their time at the baths of Schinznach, until the Ambassador is well enough to go to Baden, for that then—and not until then—that town will be magnificent with fine company, it being more than twelve years since a French Ambassador had been present at the Swiss Diet. "Here's a mighty fuss about an ambassador!" exclaims our De Merveilleux, superbly; as though *his* familiarity with such personages had been so great as to breed contempt, according to the proverb. However, the advice of "the fathers of our belles" (those worthy gentlemen are spoken of throughout the letters by this circumlocutory designation, like "Mr. F.'s aunt"!) is followed. The party proceeds to Schinznach *en route* for Baden, and waits at the former place for news of his Excellency's arrival at the Diet.

Schinznach is a little bathing-place only a few miles distant from Baden, and now chiefly interesting to strangers from the fact of the hill above it being crowned by Schloss Habsburg, a ruined castle, which was the original cradle of that historic family. De Merveilleux, however, cares—probably knows—nothing about that. His thoughts are occupied with the fine company at Schinznach, and the fine clothes of the fine company. He greatly admires the "*air noble*" of certain Berne ladies whom he meets there, and the pretty faces and soft manners of some Zurich ladies; and, in short, begins to betray some inconstancy with respect to the Bâle ladies! These latter were probably less distressed by his fickleness than the gallant gentleman flatters himself; particularly as he adds, "All the same, we made no change whatever *in the matter of expenditure*." This "*we*" is truly delicious when one remembers that "*Milord supplée à tout*." Here are a few more traits from the sojourn at Schinznach:—

"These Zurich ladies are the most amiable creatures in the world; sufficiently pretty, but without the refined air of the ladies of Berne and Bâle. They have no conversation, but, to make up for that, are infinitely gentle, and not at all capricious. In their own apartments of an evening they have games of forfeits, and sometimes a lady is condemned to sing a verse of the Psalms (!), just as she might be sentenced to sing a stave of a merry ditty anywhere else. The wine of Zurich is so bad that it cannot inspire any witty sallies; it is more proper to give one the blue devils, or the colic, than to rejoice the heart. The Zurich ladies cannot speak any French, or at all events they will not."

They have very agreeable countenances, but so grave and sober an expression that, when they are out on the promenade, one would think they were going to confession." Whether this sad demeanour were due to puritanism or to the quality of the Zurich wine as described above, may be an open question. At length the Ambassador arrives at Schinznach, on his way to Baden. All is bustle and confusion at the former place, every one getting ready to depart for Baden as quickly as may be. But meanwhile the Swiss personages of distinction who happen to be at Schinznach are presented to his Excellency, who sits in a great chair in the midst of a meadow, being still unable to stand or walk much by reason of his inflamed foot; in fact, it is clear that his Excellency has the gout, although De Merveilleux does not explicitly say so. It must have been a droll scene enough, the Ambassador in his chair, surrounded by secretaries and officers and notabilities of the country, who had gone a certain distance to meet and escort him, and all the ladies, with their fine gowns and powdered heads, marching up one after the other to make their curtsies and be kissed by the great man. De Merveilleux says that the Zurich ladies were especially awkward and ill at ease during the ceremony, and looked as solemn as a parcel of village *dévôtes* going up to their curé to kiss the reliquary. "And as they had no experience of such ceremonies, and did not know how gracefully to turn the cheek, some of them, in their simplicity and confusion, kissed his Excellency very heartily," much to the amusement of the bystanders.

On reaching Baden, the writer says, they felt great disappointment at the meagreness and shabbiness of the Ambassador's entertainments, in comparison with what they had been led to expect; and indeed it is abundantly proved, by a great variety of independent and contemporary testimony, that the predecessors of this Vicomte de Courteilles had displayed an almost incredibly lavish magnificence during their presence at the Diet. There were political reasons for this, several of the European monarchs desiring to captivate the good graces of the Swiss, and to win them over to their side; and, as Herr David Hess candidly and regretfully acknowledges, those independent burghers were not slow to profit by any free gifts which came in their way. "All the bath-guests who were persons of condition were welcome to dine at the Ambassador's table; and the fuller the table was, the more the ambassadors were delighted. People still talk" (1739) "of the magnificence of Messieurs Amelot and De Puizieulx, and the Count Du Luc, who surpassed them all. But this present Ambassador is very different from his predecessors. He keeps no pages, whereas the Count Du Luc had six, and as many secretaries and gentlemen in waiting. This one has secretaries who, I am told, have been lackeys, and no gentlemen in waiting at all. His predecessors had a table of fifty covers where they ate, morning and evening, to do honour to the Swiss (!). This one covers his board with an Ambigu"—that is to say, a meal at which all the dishes, soup, roast meat, entrées, and dessert, are placed on the table at once—"where the

viands are neither good nor hot, and where for one silver dish you may see six tin ones."

During the time of the Count Du Luc, whose magnificent hospitalities made such an impression in Baden, there occurred an incident which De Merveilleux characterises as "a trait of Swiss probity which is very surprising, but nevertheless very true." But before narrating it, it will be well to say a word or two respecting the circumstances in which it happened. In the year 1714, on the conclusion of the war of the Spanish Succession, there was held in the little town of Baden in Aargau an European Congress for the ratification of a peace, the main points of which had previously been agreed upon at Rastadt. Baden was selected for the representatives of the powers to meet in, as being within neutral territory. And already, in the month of May, the little town was in a state of extreme excitement, making preparation for the reception of the numerous and distinguished guests who were expected. Carpets, pictures, mirrors, tapestry, and all manner of costly furniture was brought in, literally in cartloads, to adorn the houses destined for the ambassadors and plenipotentiaries. Prince Eugene of Savoy represented his Imperial Austrian Majesty, the Duke de Villars the Most Christian King of France. And there were besides the Counts von Goes and von Seilern, on the part of Austria, and the Count du Luc and Monsieur de Barberie de St. Contest on that of France. The sittings of the plenipotentiaries took place in the *Rathhaus*, or Town Hall of Baden; and all those who had to attend them were lodged in the town itself, and not at the baths. Every inn was full to overflowing. The state of Berne, which possessed a fine mansion of its own in Baden, placed it at the disposition of the French Embassy. Prince Eugene of Savoy had a private house with a garden prepared for him. The rest of the high diplomatic company had to fare as best they could; and some mirth was created by some of the lesser magnates being obliged to put up in rather humble hostgeries with anything but dignified titles. Some of the Austrians had to go to the "Savage;" the representative of the Duke of Modena was lodged in the "Tower of Babel;" and the plenipotentiary of the Princess de Condé was forced to put up at the "Wild Sow!" Not only the town and the baths were swarming with guests, but all the villages for miles round were crowded with people curious to see the rare spectacle of so many great folks assembled together in little Baden. Outside the gates of the town, and in the meadows bordering the road all the way to the baths, booths and stalls were erected, where pedlars of all sorts vaunted their wares; and tents, in which there was eating, drinking, and dancing all day and almost all night. The different ambassadors vied with each other in the splendour of their suites and entertainments. They drove through the narrow streets in great state coaches drawn by six horses, or were carried about in richly gilt sedan-chairs, sent expressly all the way from Paris! There were banquets, and balls, and *fêtes champêtres*, and illuminations,

and every imaginable kind of festivity. And amongst all the noble throng the Count du Luc, Ambassador of France to the Swiss Confederation, particularly distinguished himself by lavish and magnificent hospitality. Now at one of this *grand seigneur's* entertainments occurred the "wonderful trait of Swiss probity" which M. de Merveilleux was so struck by. And it was this:—

The Count du Luc caused a French comedy to be performed in the theatre of Baden, to which admission was free to all who chose to attend it; and, naturally, the house was crowded. So crowded was it that numbers of persons clambered up on to the roof of the playhouse, and absolutely removed a part of the tiles and ceiling, in order to have a peep at the fine show going on below. Of course there were reserved seats for the smart ladies and gentlemen, whilst the profane vulgar scrambled and crammed itself into every vacant corner that could be found. When the comedy was over, M. du Luc offered a superb collation to the more aristocratic portion of the guests, which was served apparently in the theatre itself, and was so abundant that it filled silver plates and dishes to the value of fifty thousand crowns. De Merveilleux shall tell the rest in his own words. "No sooner had the people caught sight of this feast than they expressed a wish to have the leavings on the dishes. Many had partly uncovered the roof in order to witness the comedy, and they were not less curious to taste the collation. When once the lackeys let go a dish out of their hands, there was no getting it again; and a great part of the splendid silver plate made a journey along the roof of the house. At first M. du Luc and the other plenipotentiaries laughed heartily; but some one having remarked to the Ambassador of France that his plate was in danger, he answered—'At first I was inclined to think as you do, but having reflected that during all the time I have been in Switzerland I have never lost anything, *except six plates which were stolen from me by an unfrocked French Capuchin*, I have hopes that it will all come back again.' At ten o'clock at night" (the comedy must have been performed in the daytime) "the larger pieces of plate had not reappeared. On this the steward of Count du Luc began to be alarmed, but observing that the plate which he had already received was all well washed, he understood that these good Swiss people did not design to return the silver dirty. They had carried away the dishes to share them with their families. And sure enough, by nine o'clock the next morning there was not one article missing from his Excellency's plate-chest, and everything was perfectly cleaned. Messieurs the Plenipotentiaries of his Imperial Majesty, and the other representatives of the German courts, were filled with unspeakable surprise at this event, which is worthy of being engraved in letters of gold to the honour of the Helvetic nation."

Our author does not dwell much upon the minutiae of daily life at Baden, being chiefly occupied with narrating his conquests, and giving the reader to understand that he was an irresistible lady-killer to whom

all the *belles*, whether of Bâle, of Berne, or of Zurich, fell victims without a struggle. But he casually narrates a few traits so eminently characteristic of the manners of the time, that they bring the whole scene before us with more vivacity than De Merveilleux could have succeeded in attaining if he had set himself consciously to the task of description. Here are one or two :—

"It is a long way from the town of Baden to the faubourg in which the baths are situated. One may easily tire oneself in walking from the one to the other." (They are about a quarter of a mile apart ! and at the present time it is not uncommon to see aged persons and invalids take their "constitutional" from the baths to the town gate and back again as a matter of course every day.) "We have taken a house all to ourselves, not far from the promenade. It is in quite a solitary place, at the end of the baths, on the borders of the river Limmat. One enjoys a refreshing coolness there. This river is the most rapid I have ever seen. . . . We hardly ever go up to the town, as all the people of distinction come down to the promenade, and we have plenty of diversion. It is useless to try to shine here in the matter of clothes, for the heat of the baths tarnishes one's gold lace immediately. . . . There are towns in Switzerland whose fashions of dress are quite different from those of France—such as the costumes of the ladies of Bâle, Lucerne, Zurich, and other more distant cantons. And when all the bath-guests are assembled together at a dance, it has the air of a lively masquerade. . . . Each family has its own *ménage*. It is very rare for any one to entertain. When the Ambassador of France is not at Baden keeping open table, there is very little in the way of pleasure there. All persons who were anybody in this country (*les gens de quelque chose en ce pays*) were so accustomed to go and make good cheer at the Ambassador's in Baden every year, that when they compare the present times with the past, it is always with a great deal of regret. . . . The Minister did us the honour to invite us formally to dine with him. There were several ladies ; amongst others, two Demoiselles S. of Schaffhausen, young ladies of quality. One of them had made several conquests among our cavaliers. There was capital diversion that day ; we even drew a lottery of silver plate. The Ambassador, who found Mademoiselle S. charming, held her on his knee during nearly the whole time of the ball, notwithstanding that he was still suffering from his foot. The dancing produced an effect on these young ladies which surprised a great many persons." (I venture to say it will surprise the reader no less ; but it is too singular to be omitted.) "After they had danced a good deal, and were heated, certain little insects made their appearance from among the curls of their beautiful hair, which produced a rather disagreeable impression." (One would be inclined to suppose so !) "But these young ladies had such delicate and fair skins that it was really a pleasure to help them to get rid of this vermin (*sic*) as fast as it appeared. Since the German ladies are in the habit of powdering their hair day after day

without thoroughly combing it, it is not surprising that these little animals multiply very quickly."

It must have been a robust taste for beauty which could survive such an incident. But De Merveilleux was clearly no whit disgusted by it; nor, indeed, does anyone else appear to have been so either. The delicacy of temperament which found the distance between Baden and the baths a fatiguing walk, was proof against an evidence of dirty habits which might revolt a scavenger. *Nous avons changé tout cela!* Now-a-days the finest ladies and gentlemen are perfectly capable of walking a quarter of a mile, and perfectly incapable of leaving their hair uncombed.

"These Demoiselles S. were not the only beauties who appeared at this impromptu ball. There were several other very handsome women, with their husbands and gallants. The Zurich ladies would fain have been of the party, but they were not permitted to frequent the house of the French Ambassador, because their canton would not enter into the proposition of renewing the alliance with the king; it was even considered a crime in a citizen of Zurich to frequent the Hôtel de France. Their wives and daughters were obliged to content themselves with walking about in the Ambassador's gardens. His Excellency sat out there for a time in a great easy chair, because of his lame foot, and all the ladies came up to make their courteseys to him, which gave him the opportunity of saluting these fair bourgeois with a kiss, as I have described on his arrival at Schinznach."

And here we must take leave of M. De Merveilleux and his fine company, with their rose-coloured silk stockings, hair-powder, and other peculiarities.

Herr David Hess, in his voluminous book upon Baden, gives several curious details of manners during the latter half of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the present one. There existed down to the period of the great French Revolution a formal tribunal for sumptuary regulations in Zurich, which was known by the name of "The Reformation." Citizens of Zurich, male and female, were forbidden to wear jewellery of any sort or description. The women might not adorn their heads with feathers, flowers, or any ornament whatsoever except a simple silken ribbon. The men's coats were to be neither of silk, satin, nor velvet, nor even to be lined with those costly materials. Lace was forbidden, except a small quantity on the women's caps; gold embroidery was forbidden; blonde, fringe, open-work on silk or linen, gauze, galloon—all were forbidden, and the most puritanical simplicity of dress rigidly enforced. But Baden was beyond the jurisdiction of this tribunal; and in Baden the Zurichers were wont to flaunt the forbidden finery under the very noses of any of their stern censors who might happen to be taking the waters there! Many persons expended considerable sums on rich garments, to be worn merely during the few weeks of their stay in Baden, and then consigned to chests and presses

for the rest of the year. Family jewels were taken out from antique caskets to adorn throat, and ears, and fingers in the gay assemblies at the baths, and then to be consigned again—not without many sighs—to their hiding-places when the fair owners returned to the merciless rule of "The Reformation" in Zurich.

There are other quaint particulars of the time to be gathered from Hess's book ; but, considering the exigencies of time and space, we must content ourselves with the foregoing glimpses of life in a Swiss watering-place, from the time of the Council of Constance in 1414 down to the year 1739.

### *Loch Carron, Western Highlands.*

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A BLACK and glassy float, opaque and still,  
The loch, at farthest ebb supine in sleep,  
Reversing, mirrored in its luminous deep,  
The quiet skies; the solemn spurs of hill,

Brown heather, yellow corn, gray wisps of haze;  
The white low cots, black windowed, plumed with smoke;  
The trees beyond. And when the ripple awoke,  
They wavered with the jarred and wavering glaze.

The air was dim and dreamy. Evermore  
A sound of hidden waters whispered near.  
A straggler crow cawed high and thin. A bird

Chirped from the birch-leaves. Round the shingled shere,  
Yellow with weed, came wandering, vague and clear,  
Mysterious vowels and gutturals, idly heard.

## Hours in a Library.

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### No. XVI.—MASSINGER.

In one of the best of his occasional essays, Kingsley held a brief for the plaintiffs in the old case of *Puritans versus Playwrights*. The litigation in which this case represents a minor issue has lasted for a period far exceeding that of the most pertinacious lawsuit, and is not likely to come to an end within any assignable limits of time. When the discussion is pressed home, it is seen to involve fundamentally different conceptions of human life and its purposes; and it can only cease when we have discovered the grounds of a permanent conciliation between the ethical and the aesthetic elements of human nature. The narrower controversy between the stage and the Church has itself a long history. It has left some curious marks upon English literature. The prejudice which uttered itself through the Puritan Prynne was inherited, in a later generation, by the High-Churchmen Collier and William Law. The attack, it is true, may be intentionally directed—as in Kingsley's essay—against the abuse of the stage rather than against the stage itself. Kingsley pays the usual tribute to Shakespeare whilst denouncing the whole literature of which Shakespeare's dramas are the most conspicuous product. But then, everybody always distinguishes in terms between the use and the abuse; and the line of demarcation generally turns out to be singularly fluctuating and uncertain. You can hardly demolish Beaumont and Fletcher without bringing down some of the outlying pinnacles, if not shaking the very foundations, of the temple sacred to Shakespeare.

It would be regrettable, could one stop to regret the one-sided and illogical construction of the human mind, that a fair judgment in such matters seems to require incompatible qualities. Your impartial critic or historian is generally a man who leaves out of account nothing but the essential. His impartiality means sympathy with the commonplace and incapacity for understanding heroic faith and overpowering enthusiasm. He fancies that a man or a book can be judged by balancing a list of virtues and vices as if they were separate entities lying side by side in a box, instead of different aspects of a vital force. On the other hand, the vivid imagination which restores dead bones to life makes its possessor a partisan in extinct quarrels, and as short-sighted and unfair a partisan as the original actors. Roundheads and Cavaliers have been dead these two centuries.

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;  
Dreamfooted as the shadow of a cloud  
They flit across the ear.

Yet few even amongst modern writers are capable of doing justice to both sides without first making both sides colourless. Hallam judges men in the throes of a revolution as though they were parties in a law-suit to be decided by precedents and parchments, and Mr. Carlyle cannot appreciate Cromwell's magnificent force of character without making him all but infallible and impeccable. Critics of the early drama are equally one-sided. The exquisite literary faculty of Charles Lamb revelled in detecting beauties which had been covered with the dust of oblivion during the reign of Pope. His appreciation was intensified by that charm of discovery which finds its typical utterance in Keats's famous sonnet. He was scarcely a more impartial judge of Fletcher or Ford than "Stout Cortes" of the new world revealed by his enterprise. We may willingly defer to his judgment of the relative value of the writers whom he discusses, but we must qualify his judgment of their intrinsic excellence by the recollection that he speaks as a lover. To him and other unqualified admirers of the old drama the Puritanical onslaught upon the stage presented itself as the advent of a gloomy superstition, ruthlessly stamping out all that was beautiful in art and literature. Kingsley, an admirable hater, could perceive only the opposite aspect of the phenomena. To him the Puritan protest appears as the voice of the enlightened conscience; the revolution means the troubling of the turbid waters at the descent of the angel; Prynne's *Histriomastix* is the blast of the trumpet at which the rotten and polluted walls of Jericho are to crumble into dust. The stage, which represented the tone of aristocratic society, rightfully perished with the order which it flattered. Courtiers had learnt to indulge in a cynical mockery of virtue, or found an unholy attraction in the accumulation of extravagant horrors. The English drama, in short, was one of those evil growths which are fostered by deeply-seated social corruption, and are killed off by the breath of a purer air. That such phenomena occur at times is undeniable. Mr. Symonds has recently shown us in his history of the Renaissance, how the Italian literature, to which our English dramatists owed so many suggestions, was the natural fruit of a society poisoned at the roots. Nor, when we have shaken off that spirit of slavish adulation in which modern antiquarians and critics have regarded the so-called Elizabethan dramatists, can we deny that there are symptoms of a similar mischief in their writings. Some of the most authoritative testimonials have a suspicious element. Praise has been lavished upon the most questionable characteristics of the old drama. Apologists have been found, not merely for its daring portrayal of human passion, but for its wanton delight in the grotesque and the horrible for its own sake; and some critics have revenged themselves for the straitlaced censures of Puritan morality by praising work in which the author strives to atone for imaginative weakness by a choice of revolting motives. Such adulation ought to have disappeared with the first fervour of rehabilitation. Much that

has been praised in the old drama is rubbish, and some of it disgusting rubbish.

The question, however, remains, how far we ought to adopt either view of the situation? Are we bound to cast aside the later dramas of the school as simply products of corruption? It may be of interest to consider the light thrown upon this question by the works of Massinger, nearly the last of the writers who can really claim a permanent position in literature. Massinger, born in 1584, died in 1639. His surviving works were composed, with one exception, after 1620. They represent, therefore, the tastes of the play-going classes during the rapid development of the great struggle which culminated in the rebellion. In a literary sense it is the period when the imaginative impulse represented by the great dramatists was running low. It is curious to reflect that, if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of threescore years and ten, he might have witnessed the production, not only of the first but nearly all the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more, he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The difference, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and the close of the period — though their births were separated by only twenty years — corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan as applied to the whole school indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great Queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies, we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is coloured by the predominant sentiment of the later epoch.

As little is known of Massinger's life as of the lives of most of the contemporary dramatists who had the good or ill fortune to be born before the days of the modern biographical mania. It is known that he, like most of his brethren, suffered grievously from impecuniosity; and he records in one of his dedications his obligations to a patron without whose bounty he would for many years have "but faintly subsisted." His father had been employed by Henry, Earl of Pembroke; but Massinger, though acknowledging a certain debt of gratitude to the Herbert family, can hardly have received from them any effective patronage. Whatever their relations may have been, it has been pointed out by Mr. Rawson Gardiner\* that Massinger probably sympathised with the political views represented by the two sons of his father's patron who were successively Earls of Pembroke during the reigns of the first James

\* *Contemporary Review* for August 1876.

and Charles. On two occasions he got into trouble with the licenser for attacks, real or supposed, upon the policy of the government. More than one of his plays contain, according to Mr. Gardiner, references to the politics of the day as distinct as those conveyed by a cartoon in *Punch*. The general result of his argument is to show that Massinger sympathised with the views of an aristocratic party who looked with suspicion upon the despotic tendencies of Charles's government, and thought that they could manage refractory parliaments by adopting a more spirited foreign policy. Though in reality weak and selfish enough, they affected to protest against the materialising and oppressive policy of the extreme royalists. How far these views represented any genuine convictions, and how far Massinger's adhesion implied a complete sympathy with them, or might indicate that kind of delusion which often leads a mere literary observer to see a lofty intention in the schemes of a selfish politician, are questions which I am incompetent to discuss and which obviously do not admit of a decided answer. They confirm, as far as they go, the general impression as to Massinger's point of view which we should derive from his writings without special interpretation. Shakespeare, says Coleridge, gives "the permanent politics of human nature" (whatever they may be!), "and the only predilection which appears shows itself in his contempt of mobs and the populace. Massinger is a decided Whig; Beaumont and Fletcher high-flying, passive-obedience Tories." The author of *Coriolanus*, one would be disposed to say, showed himself a thoroughgoing aristocrat, though in an age when the popular voice had not yet given utterance to systematic political discontent. He was still a stranger to the sentiments symptomatic of an approaching revolution, and has not explicitly pronounced upon issues hardly revealed even to

The prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming of things to come.

The sense of national unity evolved in the great struggle with Spain had not yet been lost in the discord of the rising generation. The other classifications may be accepted with less reserve. The dramatists represented the views of their patrons. The drama reflected in the main the sentiments of an aristocratic class alarmed by the growing vigour of the Puritanical citizens. Fletcher is, as Coleridge says, a thoroughgoing Tory; his sentiments in *Valentinian* are, to follow the same guidance, so "very slavish and reptile" that it is a trial of charity to read them. Nor can we quite share Coleridge's rather odd surprise that they should emanate from the son of a bishop, and that the duty to God should be the supposed basis. A servile bishop in those days was not a contradiction in terms, and still less a servile son of a bishop; and it must surely be admitted that the theory of Divine Right may lead, however illogically, to reptile sentiments. The difference between Fletcher and Massinger, who were occasional collaborators and apparently close friends (Massinger, it is said, was buried in Fletcher's grave), was probably due

to difference of temperament as much as to the character of Massinger's family connection. Massinger's melancholy is as marked as the buoyant gaiety of his friend and ally. He naturally represents the misgivings which must have beset the more thoughtful members of his party, as Fletcher represented the careless vivacity of the Cavalier spirit. Massinger is given to expatiating upon the text that

Subjects' lives  
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied  
In sport away.

The high-minded Pulcheria, in the *Emperor of the East*, administers a bitter reproof to a slavish "projector" who

Roars out  
All is the King's, his will above the laws;

who whispers in his ear that nobody should bring a salad from his garden without paying "gabel" or kill a hen without excise; who suggests that, if a prince wants a sum of money, he may make impossible demands from a city and exact arbitrary fines for its non-performance.

Is this the way  
To make our Emperor happy? Can the groans  
Of his subjects yield him music? Must his thresholds  
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans' tears,  
Or his power grow contemptible?

Mr. Gardiner tells us that at the time at which these lines were written they need not have been taken as referring to Charles. But the vein of sentiment which often occurs elsewhere is equally significant of Massinger's view of the political situation of the time. We see what were the topics that were beginning to occupy men's minds.

Dryden made the remark, often quoted for purposes of indignant reprobation by modern critics, that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better" (than Shakespeare); "whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they did." It is, of course, easy enough to reply that in the true sense of the word "gentleman" Shakespeare's heroes are incomparably superior to those of his successors; but then this is just the sense in which Dryden did not use the word. His real meaning indicates a very sound piece of historical criticism. Fletcher describes a new social type; the "King's Young Courtier" who is deserting the good old ways of his father, the "old courtier of the Queen." The change is but one step in that continuous process which has substituted the modern gentleman for the old feudal noble; but the step taken at that period was great and significant. The chivalrous type, represented in Sidney's life and Spenser's poetry, is beginning to be old-fashioned and out of place as the industrial elements of society become more prominent. The aristocrat in the rising generation finds that his occupation is going. He takes to those "wild debaucheries" which Dryden oddly reckons among the attributes of a true gentleman; and learns the art of "quick repartee" in the courtly

society which has time enough on its hands to make a business of amusement. The euphuism and allied affectations of the earlier generation had a certain grace, as the external clothing of a serious chivalrous sentiment; but it is rapidly passing into a silly coxcombry to be crushed by Puritanism or snuffed out by the worldly cynicism of the new generation. Shakespeare's Henry or Romeo may indulge in wild freaks or abandon themselves to the intense passions of vigorous youth; but they will settle down into good statesmen and warriors as they grow older. Their love-making is a phase in their development, not the business of their lives. Fletcher's heroes seem to be not only occupied for the moment, but to make a permanent profession of what with their predecessors was a passing phase of youthful ebullience. It is true that we have still a long step to make before we sink to the mere *roué*, the shameless scapegrace and cynical man about town of the restoration. To make a Wycherley you must distil all the poetry out of a Fletcher. Fletcher is a true poet; and the graceful sentiment, though mixed with a coarse alloy, still repels that unmitigated grossness which, according to Burke's famous aphorism, is responsible for half the evil of vice. He is still alive to generous and tender emotions, though it can scarcely be said that his morality has much substance in it. It is a sentiment, not a conviction, and covers without quenching many ugly and brutal emotions.

In Fletcher's wild gallants, still adorned by a touch of the chivalrous; reckless, immoral, but scarcely cynical; not sceptical as to the existence of virtue, but only admitting morality by way of parenthesis to the habitual current of their thoughts, we recognise the kind of stuff from which to frame the cavaliers who will follow Rupert and be crushed by Cromwell. A characteristic sentiment which occurs constantly in the drama of the period represents the soldier out of work. We are incessantly treated to lamentations upon the ingratitude of the comfortable citizens who care nothing for the men to whom they owed their security. The political history of the times explains the popularity of such complaints. Englishmen were fretting under their enforced abstinence from the exciting struggles on the Continent. There was no want of Dugald Dalgettys returning from the wars to afford models for the military braggart or the bluff honest soldier, both of whom go swaggering through so many of the plays of the time. Clarendon in his Life speaks of the temptations which beset him from mixing with the military society of the time. There was a large and increasing class, no longer finding occupation in fighting Spaniards and searching for Eldorado, and consequently, in the Yankee phrase, "spoiling for a fight." When the time comes, they will be ready enough to fight gallantly and to show an utter incapacity for serious discipline. They will meet the citizens, whom they have mocked so merrily, and find that reckless courage and spasmodic chivalry do not exhaust the qualifications for military success.

Massinger represents a different turn of sentiment which would be

-encouraged in their minds by the same social conditions. Instead of abandoning himself frankly to the stream of youthful sentiment, he feels that it has a dangerous aspect. The shadow of coming evils was already dark enough to suggest various forebodings. But he is also a moraliser by temperament. Mr. Ward says that his strength is owing in a great degree to his appreciation of the great moral forces; and the remark is only a confirmation of the judgment of most of his critics. It is, of course, not merely that he is fond of adding little moral tags of questionable applicability to the end of his plays. "We are taught," he says in the *Fatal Dowry*,

By this sad precedent, how just soever  
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
We are yet to leave them to their will and power  
That to that purpose have authority.

But it is, to say the least, doubtful whether anybody would have that judicious doctrine much impressed upon him by seeing the play itself. Nor can one rely much upon the elaborate and very eloquent defence of his art in the *Roman Actor*. Paris, the actor, sets forth very vigorously that the stage tends to lay bare the snares to which youth is exposed and to inflame a noble ambition by example. If the discharge of such a function deserves reward from the Commonwealth—

Actors may put in for as large a share  
As all the sects of the philosophers;—  
They with cold precepts—perhaps seldom read—  
Deliver what an honourable thing  
The active virtue is; but does that fire  
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation  
To be both good and great, equal to that  
Which is presented in our theatres?

Massinger goes on to show, after the fashion of Jaques in *As You Like It*, that the man who chooses to put on the cap is responsible for the application of the satire. He had good reasons, as we have seen, for feeling sensitive as to misunderstandings—or, rather, too thorough understandings—of this kind.

To some dramatists of the time, who should put forward such a plea, one would be inclined to answer in the sensible words of old Fuller. "Two things," he says, "are set forth to us in stage-plays; some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vicious examples: and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts, are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palates upon them. It seems the goodness is not pourtrayed with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are; otherwise men would be deterred from vicious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them"—a result scarcely to be claimed by the actors of the day. Massinger, however, shows more moral feeling than is expended in providing sentiments to be tacked on as an external appendage, or satisfied by an obedience to the demands of poetic justice. He is not content with

knocking his villains on the head—a practice in which he, like his contemporaries, indulges with only too much complacency. The idea which underlies most of his plays is a struggle of virtue assailed by external or inward temptations. He is interested by the ethical problems introduced in the play of conflicting passions, and never more eloquent than in uttering the emotions of militant or triumphant virtue. His view of life indeed is not only grave, but has a distinct religious colouring. From various indications, it is probable that he was a Roman Catholic. Some of these are grotesque enough. The *Renegado*, for example, not only shows that Massinger was, for dramatic purposes at least, an ardent believer in baptismal regeneration, but includes—what one would scarcely have sought in such a place—a discussion as to the validity of lay-baptism. The first of his surviving plays, the *Virgin Martyr* (in which he was assisted by Dekker) is simply a dramatic version of an ecclesiastical legend. Though it seems to have been popular at the time, the modern reader will probably think that, in this case at least, the religious element is a little out of place. An angel and a devil take an active part in the performance; miracles are worked on the stage; the unbelievers are so shockingly wicked, and the Christians so obtrusively good, that we—the worldly-minded—are sensible of a little recalcitrance, unless we are disarmed by the simplicity of the whole performance. Religious tracts of all ages and in all forms are apt to produce this ambiguous effect. Unless we are quite in harmony with their assumptions, we feel that they deal too much in conventional rose colour. The angelic and diabolic elements are not so clearly discriminated in this world, and should show themselves less unequivocally on the stage, which ought to be its mirror. An audience in the state of mind which generates the true miracle-play might justify such an embodiment of its sentiment. But when forcibly transplanted to the Jacobean stage, we feel that the performance has not the simple earnestness by which alone it can be justified. The sentiment has a certain unreality, and the *naïveté* suggests affectation. The implied belief is got up for the moment and has a hollow ring. And therefore, the whole work, in spite of some eloquence, is nothing better than a curiosity, as an attempt at the assimilation of a heterogeneous form of art.

A similar vein of sentiment, though not showing itself in so undiluted a form, runs through most of Massinger's plays. He is throughout a sentimentalist and a rhetorician. He is not, like the greatest men, dominated by thoughts and emotions which force him to give them external embodiment in life-like symbols. He is rather a man of much real feeling and extraordinary facility of utterance, who finds in his stories convenient occasions for indulging in elaborate didactic utterances upon moral topics. It is probably this comparative weakness of the higher imaginative faculty which makes Lamb speak of him rather disparagingly. He is too self-conscious and too anxious to enforce downright moral sentiments to satisfy a critic by whom spontaneous force and direct insight

were rightly regarded as the highest poetic qualities. A single touch in Shakespeare, or even in Webster or Ford, often reveals more depth of feeling than a whole scene of Massinger's facile and often deliberately forensic eloquence. His temperament is indicated by the peculiarities of his style. It is, as Coleridge says, poetry differentiated by the smallest possible degree from prose. The greatest artists of blank verse have so complete a mastery of their language that it is felt as a fibre which runs through and everywhere strengthens the harmony, and is yet in complete subordination to the sentiment. With a writer of the second order, such as Fletcher, the metre becomes more prominent, and at times produces a kind of monotonous sing-song, which begins to remind us unpleasantly of the still more artificial tone characteristic of the rhymed tragedies of the next generation. Massinger diverges in the opposite direction. The metre is felt enough and only just enough to give a more stately step to rather florid prose. It is one of his marks that a line frequently ends by some insignificant "of" or "from," so as to exclude the briefest possible pause in reading. Thus, to take an example pretty much at random, the following instance might be easily read without observing that it was blank verse at all :—

"Your brave achievements in the war, and what you did for me, unspoken, because I would not force the sweetness of your modesty to a blush, are written here ; and that there might be nothing wanting to sum up my numerous engagements (never in my hopes to be cancelled), the great duke, our mortal enemy, when my father's country lay open to his fury and the spoil of the victorious army, and I brought into his power, hath shown himself so noble, so full of honour, temperance, and all virtues that can set off a prince ; that, though I cannot render him that respect I would, I am bound in thankfulness to admire him."

Such a style is suitable to a man whose moods do not often hurry him into impetuous, or vivacious, or epigrammatic utterance. As the Persian poet says of his country : his warmth is not heat and his coolness is not cold. He flows on in a quiet current, never breaking into foam or fury, but vigorous, and invariably lucid. As a pleader before a law-court—the character in which, as Mr. Ward observes, he has a peculiar fondness for presenting himself—he would carry his audience along with him, but scarcely hold them in spell-bound astonishment or hurry them into fits of excitement. Melancholy resignation, or dignified dissatisfaction will find in him a powerful exponent, but scarcely despair, or love, or hatred, or any social phase of pure unqualified passion.

The natural field for the display of such qualities is the romantic drama, which Massinger took from the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher, and endowed with greater dignity and less poetic fervour. For the vigorous comedy of real life, as Jonson understood it, he has simply no capacity ; and in his rare attempts at humour, succeeds only in being at once dull and dirty. His stage is generally occupied with dignified lords and ladies, professing the most chivalrous sentiments,

which are occasionally too highfrown and overstrained to be thoroughly effective, but which are yet uttered with sufficient sincerity. They are not mere hollow pretences, consciously adopted to conceal base motives; but one feels the want of an occasional infusion of the bracing air of common sense. It is the voice of a society still inspired with the traditional sentiments of honour and self-respect, but a little afraid of contact with the rough realities of life. Its chivalry is a survival from a past epoch, not a spontaneous outgrowth of the most vital elements of contemporary development. In another generation, such a tone will be adopted by a conscious and deliberate artifice, and be reflected in mere theatrical rant. In the past, it was the natural expression of a high-spirited race, full of self-confidence and pride in its own vigorous audacity. In this transitional period it has a certain hectic flush, symptomatic of approaching decay; anxious to give a wide berth to realities, and most at home in the border-land where dreams are only half dispelled by the light of common day. *Don Quixote* had sounded the knell of the old romance, but something of the old spirit still lingers, and can tinge with an interest, not yet wholly artificial, the lives and passions of beings who are thus hovering on the outskirts of the living world. The situations most characteristic of Massinger's tendency are in harmony with this tone of sentiment. They are romances taken from a considerable variety of sources, developed in a clearly connected series of scenes. They are wanting in the imaginative unity of the great plays, which show that a true poet has been profoundly moved by some profound thought embodied in a typical situation. He does not, like Shakespeare, seize his subject by the heart, because it has first fascinated his imagination; nor, on the other hand, have we that bewildering complexity of motives and intricacy of plot which shows at best a lawless and wandering fancy; and which often fairly puzzles us in many English plays, and enforces frequent reference to the list of personages in order to disentangle the crossing threads of the action. The plays are a gradual unravelling of a series of incidents, each following intelligibly from the preceding situation, and suggestive of many eloquent observations, though not developments of one master-thought. We often feel that, if external circumstances had been propitious, he would have expressed himself more naturally in the form of a prose romance than in a drama. Nor, again, does he often indulge in those exciting and horrible situations which possessed such charms for his contemporaries. There are occasions, it is true, in which this element is not wanting. In the *Unnatural Combat*, for example, we have a father killing his son in a duel, by the end of the second act; and when, after a succession of horrors of the worst kind, we are treated to a ghost, "full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her face leprous," and the worst criminal is killed by a flash of lightning, we feel that we were fully entitled to such a catastrophe. We can only say, in Massinger's words,—

May we make use of  
This great example, and learn from it that  
There cannot be a want of power above  
To punish murder and unlawful love !

The *Duke of Milan*, again, culminates with a horrible scene, rivaling, though with less power, the grotesque horrors of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. Other instances might be given of concessions to that blood-and-thunder style of dramatic writing for which our ancestors had a never-failing appetite. But, as a rule, Massinger inclines, as far as contemporary writers will allow him, to the side of mercy. Instead of using slaughter so freely that a new set of actors has to be introduced to bury the old—a misfortune which sometimes occurs in the plays of the time—he generally tends to a happy solution, and is disposed not only to dismiss his virtuous characters to felicity, but even to make his villains virtuous. We have not been excited to that pitch at which our passions can only be harmonised by an effusion of blood, and a mild solution is sufficient for the calmer feelings which have been aroused.

This tendency illustrates Massinger's conception of life in another sense. Nothing is more striking in the early stage than the vigour of character of most of these heroes. Individual character, as it is said, takes the place in the modern of fate in the ancient drama. Every man is run in a mould of iron, and may break, but cannot bend. The fitting prologue to the whole literature is provided by Marlowe's Tamburlaine, with his superhuman audacity, and vast bombastic rants, the incarnation of a towering ambition which scorns all laws but its own devouring passion. Faustus, braving all penalties, human and divine, is another variety of the same type; and when we have to do with a weak character like Edward II., we feel that it is his natural destination to be confined in a loathsome dungeon, with mouldy bread to eat and ditch-water to drink. The world is for the daring; and though daring may be pushed to excess, weakness is the one unpardonable offence. A thoroughgoing villain is better than a trembling saint. If Shakespeare's instinctive taste revealed the absurdity of the bombastic exaggeration of such tendencies, his characters are equally unbending. His villains die, like Macbeth and Iago, with their teeth set, and scorn even a deathbed repentance. Hamlet exhibits the unfitness for a world of action of the man who is foolish enough to see two sides to every question. So again, Chapman, the writer who in fulness and fire of thought approaches most nearly to Shakespeare, is an ardent worshipper of pure energy of character. His Bussy d'Ambois cannot be turned from his purpose even by the warnings of the ghost of his accomplice, and a mysterious spirit summoned expressly to give advice. An admirably vigorous phrase from one of the many declamations of his hero Byron—another representative of the same haughty strength of will—gives his theory of character:—

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea  
 Loves t' have his sail filled with a lusty wind,  
 Even till his sailyards tremble, his masts crack,  
 And his rapt ship run on her side so low  
 That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Pure, undiluted energy, stern force of will, delight in danger for its own sake, contempt for all laws but the self-imposed, those are the cardinal virtues, and challenge our sympathy even when they lead their possessor to destruction. The psychology implied in Jonson's treating of "humour" is another phase of the same sentiment. The side by which energetic characters lend themselves to comedy is the exaggeration of some special trait which determines their course as tyrannically as ambition governs the character suited for tragedy.

When we turn to Massinger, this boundless vigour has disappeared. The blood has grown cool. The tyrant no longer forces us to admiration by the fullness of his vitality, and the magnificence of his contempt for law. Whether for good or bad, he is comparatively a poor creature. He has developed an uneasy conscience, and even whilst affecting to defy the law, trembles at the thought of an approaching retribution. His boasts have a shrill, querulous note in them. His creator does not fully sympathize with his passion. Massinger cannot throw himself into the situation; and is anxious to dwell upon the obvious moral considerations which prove such characters to be decidedly inconvenient members of society for their tamer neighbours. He is of course the more in accordance with a correct code of morality, but fails correspondingly in dramatic force and brilliance of colour. To exhibit a villain truly, even to enable us to realize the true depth of his villainy, one must be able for a moment to share his point of view, and therefore to understand the true law of his being. It is a very sound rule in the conduct of life, that we should not sympathize with scoundrels. But the morality of the poet, as of the scientific psychologist, is founded upon the unflinching veracity which sets forth all motives with absolute impartiality. Some sort of provisional sympathy with the wicked there must be, or they become mere impossible monsters or the conventional scarecrows of improving tracts.

This is Massinger's weakest side. His villains want backbone, and his heroes are deficient in simple overmastering passion, or supplement their motives by some overstrained and unnatural crotchet. Impulsiveness takes the place of vigour, and indicates the want of a vigorous grasp of the situation. Thus, for example, the *Duke of Milan*, which is certainly amongst the more impressive of Massinger's plays, may be described as a variation upon the theme of *Othello*. To measure the work of any other writer by its relation to that masterpiece is, of course, to apply a test of undue severity. Of comparison, properly speaking, there can be no question. The similarity of the situation, however, may bring out Massinger's characteristics. The Duke, who takes the place of Othello, is, like his prototype, a brave soldier. The most spirited and

effective passage in the play is the scene in which he is brought as a prisoner before Charles V., and not only extorts the admiration of his conqueror, but wins his liberty by a dignified avowal of his previous hostility, and avoidance of any base compliance. The Duke shows himself to be a high-minded gentleman, and we are so far prepared to sympathize with him when exposed to the wiles of Francisco—the Iago of the piece. But unfortunately the scene is not merely a digression in a constructive sense, but involves a psychological inconsistency. The gallant soldier contrives to make himself thoroughly contemptible. He is represented as excessively uxorious, and his passion takes the very disagreeable turn of posthumous jealousy. He has instructed Francisco to murder the wife whom he adores in case of his own death during the war, and thus to make sure that she could not marry anybody else. On his return, the wife, who has been informed by the treachery of Francisco of this pleasant arrangement, is naturally rather cool to him ; whereupon he flies into a rage and swears that he will

Never think of curs'd Marcella more.

His affection returns in another scene, but only in order to increase his jealousy, and on hearing Francisco's slander he proceeds to stab his wife out of hand. It is the action of a weak man in a passion, not of a noble nature tortured to madness. Finding out his mistake, he of course repents again, and expresses himself with a good deal of eloquence which would be more effective if we could forget the overpowering pathos of the parallel scene in *Othello*. Much sympathy, however, is impossible for a man whose whole conduct is so flighty, and so obviously determined by the immediate demands of successive situations of the play, and not the varying manifestation of a powerfully conceived character. Francisco is a more coherent villain, and an objection made by Hazlitt to his apparent want of motive is at least equally valid against Iago ; but he is of course but a diluted version of that superlative villain, as Marcella is a rather priggish and infinitely less tender Desdemona. The failure, however, of the central figure to exhibit any fixity of character is the real weakness of the play ; and the horrors of the last scene fail to atone for the want of the vivid style which reveals an "intense and gloomy mind."

This kind of versatility and impulsiveness of character is revealed by the curious convertibility—if one may use the word—of his characters. They are the very reverse of the men of iron of the previous generation. They change their state of mind as easily as the characters of his contemporary drama put on disguises. We are often amazed at the simplicity which enables a whole family to accept the brother and father to whom they have been speaking ten minutes before as an entire stranger, because he has changed his coat or talks broken English. The audience must have been easily satisfied in such cases ; but it requires almost equal simplicity to accept some of Massinger's transformations. In such a play as the

*Virgin Martyr*, a religious conversion is a natural part of the scheme. Nor need we be surprised at the amazing facility with which a fair Mahomedan is converted in the *Renegado* by the summary assertion that the "juggling prophet" is a cheat and taught a pigeon to feed in his ear. Can there be strength, it is added, in that religion which allows us to fear death? "This is unanswerable," exclaims the lady, "and there is something tells me I err in my opinion." This is almost as good as the sudden thought of swearing eternal friendship. The hardened villain of the first act in the same play falls into despair in the third, and, with the help of an admirable Jesuit, becomes a most useful and exemplary convert by the fifth. But such catastrophes may be regarded as more or less miraculous. The versatility of character is more singular when religious conversions are not in question. "I am certain," says Philanax in the *Emperor of the East* :—

A prince so soon in his disposition altered  
Was never heard nor read of.

That proves that Philanax was not familiar with Massinger's plays. The disposition of princes and of subjects is there constantly altered with the most satisfactory result. It is not merely that, as often happens elsewhere, the villains are summarily forced to repent at the end of a play, like Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, in order to allow the curtain to fall upon a prospect of happiness. Such forced catastrophes are common, if clumsy enough. But there is something malleable in the very constitution of Massinger's characters. They repent half way through the performance, and see the error of their ways with a facility which we could wish to be imitated in common life. The truth seems to be that Massinger is subject to an illusion natural enough to a man who is more of the rhetorician than the seer. He fancies that eloquence must be irresistible. He takes the change of mood produced by an elevated appeal to the feelings for a change of character. Thus, for example, in the *Picture* —a characteristic, though not a very successful play—we have a story founded upon the temptations of a separated husband and wife. The husband carries with him a magical picture, which grows dark or bright according to the behaviour of the wife, whom it represents. The husband is tempted to infidelity by a queen, herself spoilt by the flatteries of an uxorious husband; and the wife by a couple of courtiers, who have all the vices of Fletcher's worst heroes without any of their attractions. The interest of the play, such as it is, depends upon the varying moods of the chief actors, who become so eloquent under a sense of wrong or a reflection upon the charms of virtue, that they approach the bounds of vice, and then gravitate back to respectability. Everybody becomes perfectly respectable before the end of the play is reached, and we are to suppose that they will remain respectable ever afterwards. They avoid tragic results by their want of the overmastering passions which lead to great crimes or noble actions. They are really eloquent, but even more moved by their eloquence than the spectators can be. They form the

kind of audience which would be most flattering to an able preacher, but in which a wise preacher would put little confidence. And, therefore, besides the fanciful incident of the picture, they give us an impression of unreality. They have no rich blood in their veins; and are little better than lay figures taking up positions as it may happen, in order to form an effective tableau illustrative of an unexceptionable moral.

There is, it is true, one remarkable exception to the general weakness of Massinger's characters. The vigour with which Sir Giles Overreach is set forth has made him the one well-known figure in Massinger's gallery, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* showed in consequence more vitality than any of his other plays. Much praise has been given, and rightly enough, to the originality and force of the conception. The conventional miser is elevated into a great man by a kind of inverse heroism, and made terrible instead of contemptible. But it is equally plain that here, too, Massinger fails to project himself fairly into his villain. His rants are singularly forcible, but they are clearly what other people would think about him, not "what" he would really think, still less what he would say, of himself. Take, for example, the very fine speech in which he replies to the question of the virtuous nobleman, whether he is not frightened by the imprecations of his victims:—

Yes, as rocks are  
 When foaming billows split themselves against  
 Their stony sides; or as the moon is moved  
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.  
 I am of a solid temper, and, like these,  
 Steer on a constant course; with mine own sword,  
 If called into the field, I can make that right  
 Which fearful enemies murmur at as wrong.  
 Now, for those other piddling complaints  
 Breath'd out in bitterness, as when they call me  
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
 On my poor neighbour's rights, or grand incloser  
 Of what was common to my private use,  
 Nay when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,  
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
 Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
 Makes me insensible to remorse or pity,  
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Put this into the third person; read "he" for "I," and "his" for "my," and it is an admirable bit of denunciation of a character probably intended as a copy from life. It is a description of a wicked man from outside; and wickedness seen from outside is generally unreasonable and preposterous. When it is converted, by simple alteration of pronouns, into the villain's own account of himself, the internal logic which serves as a pretext disappears, and he becomes a mere monster. It is for this reason that, as Hazlitt says, Massinger's villains—and he was probably thinking especially of Overreach and Luke in a *City Madam*—appear

like drunkards or madmen. His plays are apt to be a continuous declamation, cut up into fragments, and assigned to the different actors ; and the essential unfitness of such a method to dramatic requirements needs no elaborate demonstration. The villains will have to denounce themselves, and will be ready to undergo conversion at a moment's notice in order to spout openly on behalf of virtue as vigorously as they have spouted in transparent disguise on behalf of vice.

There is another consequence of Massinger's romantic tendency, which is more pleasing. The chivalrous ideal of morality involves a reverence for women, which may be exaggerated or affected, but which has at least a genuine element in it. The women on the earlier stage have comparatively a bad time of it amongst their energetic companions. Shakespeare's women are undoubtedly most admirable and lovable creatures ; but they are content to take a subordinate part, and their highest virtue generally includes entire submission to the will of their lords and masters. Some, indeed, have an abundant share of the masculine temperament, like Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth ; but then they are by no means model characters. Iago's description of the model woman is a cynical version of the true Shakespearian theory. Women's true sphere, according to him, or according to the modern slang, is domestic life ; and, if circumstances force a Cordelia, an Imogen, a Rosalind, or a Viola, to take a more active share in life, they take good care to let us know that they have a woman's heart under their male dress. The weaker characters in Massinger give a higher place to women, and justify it by a sentiment of chivalrous devotion. The excess, indeed, of such submissiveness is often satirized. In the *Roman Actor*, the *Emperor of the East*, the *Duke of Milan*, the *Picture*, and elsewhere, we have various phases of uxorious weakness, which suggest possible application to the Court of Charles I. Elsewhere, as in the *Maid of Honour* and the *Bashful Lover*, we are called upon to sympathise with manifestations of a highflown devotion to feminine excellence. Thus, the bashful lover, who is the hero of one of his characteristic dramatic romances, is a gentleman who thinks himself scarcely worthy to touch his mistress's shoestring. On the sight of her exclaims —

As Moors salute

The rising sun with joyful superstition,  
I could fall down and worship.—O my heart !  
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,  
Or something which no simile can express,  
She shows to me ; a reverent fear, but blended  
With wonder and astonishment, does possess me.

When she condescends to speak to him, the utmost that he dares to ask is liberty to look at her, and he protests that he would never aspire to any higher privilege. It is gratifying to add that he follows her through many startling vicissitudes of fortunes in a spirit worthy of this exordium, and of course is finally persuaded that he may allow himself a nearer

approach to his goddess. The Maid of Honour has two lovers, who accept a rather similar position. One of them is unlucky enough to be always making mischief by well-meant efforts to forward her interest. He, poor man, is rather ignominiously paid off in downright cash at the end of the piece. His more favoured rival listens to the offers of a rival duchess, and ends by falling between two stools. He resigns himself to the career of a Knight of Malta, whilst the Maid of Honour herself retires into a convent. Mr. Gardiner compares this catastrophe unfavourably with that of *Measure for Measure*, and holds that it is better for a lady to marry a duke than to give up the world as, on the whole, a bad business. A discussion of that question would involve some difficult problems. If, however, Isabella is better provided for by Shakespeare than Camiola, "the Maid of Honour," by Massinger, we must surely agree that the Maid of Honour has the advantage of poor Mariana, whose reunion with her hypocritical husband certainly strikes one as a questionable advantage. Her fate seems to intimate that marriage with a hypocritical tyrant ought to be regarded as better than no marriage at all. Massinger's solution is at any rate in harmony with the general tone of chivalrous sentiment. A woman who has been placed upon a pinnacle by overstrained devotion cannot, consistently with her dignity, console herself like an ordinary creature of flesh and blood. When her worshippers turn unfaithful she must not look out for others. She may permit herself for once to return the affection of a worthy lover; but, when he fails, she must not condescend again to love. That would be to admit that love was a necessity of her life, not a special act of favour for some exceptional proofs of worthiness. Given the general tone of sentiment, I confess that, to my taste, Massinger's solution has the merit, not only of originality, but of harmony. It may, of course, be held that a jilted lady should, in a perfect healthy state of society, have some other alternative besides a convent or an unworthy marriage. Some people, for example, may hold that she should be able to take to active life as a lawyer or a professor of medicine; or they may hold that love ought not to hold so prominent a part even in a woman's life, that disappointed passion should involve, as a necessary consequence, the entire abandonment of the world. But, taking the romantic point of view, of which it is the very essence to set an extravagant value upon love, and remembering that Massinger had not heard of modern doctrines of woman's rights, one must admit, I think, that he really shows, by the best means in his power, a strong sense of the dignity of womanhood, and that his catastrophe is more satisfactory than the violent death or the consignment to an inferior lover which would have commended themselves to most Elizabethan dramatists.

The same vein of chivalrous sentiment gives a fine tone to some of Massinger's other plays; to the *Bondman*, for example, and the *Great Duke of Florence*, in both of which the treatment of lover's devotion shows a higher sense of the virtue of feminine dignity and purity than is common

in the contemporary stage. There is, of course, a want of reality, an admission of extravagant motives, and an absence of dramatic concentration, which indicate an absence of high imaginative power. Chivalry, at its best, is not very reconcilable with common sense; and the ideal hero is divided, as Cervantes shows, by very narrow distinctions from the downright madman. What was absurd in the more vigorous manifestations of the spirit does not vanish when its energy is lowered, and the rhetorician takes the place of the poet. But the sentiment is still genuine, and often gives real dignity to Massinger's eloquent speeches. It is true that, in apparent inconsistency with this excellence, passages of Massinger are even more deeply stained than usual with revolting impurities. Not only are his bad men and women apt to be offensive beyond all bearable limits, but places might be pointed out in which even his virtuous women indulge in language of the indescribable variety. The inconsistency of course admits of an easy explanation. Chivalrous sentiment by no means involves perfect purity, nor even a lofty conception of the true meaning of purity. Even a strong religious feeling of a certain kind is quite compatible with considerable laxity in this respect. Charles I. was a virtuous monarch, according to the admission of his enemies; but, as Kingsley remarks, he suggested a plot to Shirley which would certainly not be consistent with the most lax modern notions of decency. The court of which he was the centre certainly included a good many persons who might have at once dictated Massinger's most dignified sentiments and enjoyed his worst ribaldry. Such, for example, if Clarendon's character of him be accurate, would have been the supposed "W. H.," the eldest of the two Earls of Pembroke, with whose family Massinger was so closely connected. But it is only right to add that Massinger's errors in this kind are superficial, and might generally be removed without injury to the structure of his plays.

I have said enough to suggest the general nature of the answer which would have to be made to the problem with which I started. Beyond all doubt, it would be simply preposterous to put down Massinger as a simple product of corruption. He does not mock at generous, lofty instincts, or overlook their influence as great social forces. Mr. Ward quotes him as an instance of the connection between poetic and moral excellence. The dramatic effectiveness of his plays is founded upon the dignity of his moral sentiment; and we may recognise in him "a man who firmly believes in the eternal difference between right and wrong." I subscribe most willingly to the truth of Mr. Ward's general principle, and, with a certain reservation, to the correctness of this special illustration. But the reservation is an important one. After all, can anybody say honestly that he is braced and invigorated by reading Massinger's plays? Does he perceive any touch of what we feel when we have been in company, say, with Sir Walter Scott; a sense that our intellectual atmosphere is clearer than usual, and that we recognise more plainly

than we are apt to do the surpassing value of manliness, honesty, and pure domestic affection? Is there not rather a sense that we have been all the time in an unnatural region, where, it is true, a sense of honour and other good qualities come in for much eloquent praise, but where, above everything, there is a marked absence of downright wholesome common sense? Of course the effect is partly due to the region in which the old dramatists generally sought for their tragic situations. We are never quite at home in this fictitious cloudband, where the springs of action are strange, unaccountable, and altogether different from those with which we have to do in the work-a-day world. A great poet, indeed, weaves a magic mirror out of these dream-like materials, in which he shows us the great passions, love, and jealousy, and ambition, reflected upon a gigantic scale. But, in weaker hands, the characters become eccentric instead of typical: his vision simply distorts instead of magnifying the fundamental truths of human nature. The liberty which could be used by Shakespeare becomes dangerous for his successors. Instead of a legitimate idealisation, we have simply an abandonment of any basis in reality.

The admission that Massinger is moral must therefore be qualified by the statement that he is unnatural; or, in other words, that his morality is morbid. The groundwork of all the virtues, we are sometimes told, is strength and manliness. A strong nature may be wicked, but a weak one cannot attain any high moral level. The correlative doctrine in literature is, that the foundation of all excellence, artistic or moral, is a vivid perception of realities and a masculine grasp of facts. A man who has that essential quality will not blink the truths which we see illustrated every day around us. He will not represent vice as so ugly that it can have no charms, so foolish that it can never be plausible, or so unlucky that it can never be triumphant. The robust moralist admits that vice is often pleasant, and that wicked men flourish like a green bay tree. He cannot be over-anxious to preach, for he feels that the intrinsic charm of high qualities can dispense with any artificial attempts to bolster them up by sham rhetoric, or to slur over the hard facts of life. He will describe Iago as impartially as Desdemona; and, having given us the facts, leave us to make what we please of them. It is the mark of a more sickly type of morality, that it must always be distorting the plain truth. It becomes sentimental, because it wishes to believe that what is pleasant must be true. It makes villains condemn themselves, because such a practice would save so much trouble to judges and moralists. Not appreciating the full force of passions, it allows the existence of grotesque and eccentric motives. It fancies that a little rhetoric will change the heart as well as the passing mood, and represents the claims of virtue as perceptible on the most superficial examination. The morality which requires such concessions becomes necessarily effeminate; it is unconsciously giving up its strongest position by im-

plicitly admitting that the world in which virtue is possible is a very different one from our own.

The decline of the great poetic impulse does not yet reveal itself by sheer blindness to moral distinctions, or downright subservience to vice. A lowered vitality does not necessarily imply disease, though it is favourable to the development of vicious germs. The morality which flourishes in an exhausted soil is not a plant of hardy growth and tough fibre, nourished by rough common sense, flourishing amongst the fierce contests of vigorous passions, and delighting in the open air and the broad daylight. It loves the twilight of romance, and creates heroes impulsive, eccentric, extravagant in their resolves, servile in their devotion, and whose very natures are more or less allied to weakness and luxurious self-indulgence. Massinger, indeed, depicts with much sympathy the virtues of the martyr and the penitent; he can illustrate the paradox that strength can be conquered by weakness, and violence by resignation. His good women triumph by softening the hearts of their persecutors. Their purity is more attractive than the passions of their rivals. His deserted King shows himself worthy of more loyalty than his triumphant persecutors. His Roman actor atones for his weakness by voluntarily taking part in his own punishment.

Such passive virtues are undoubtedly most praiseworthy; but they may border upon qualities not quite so praiseworthy. It is a melancholy truth that your martyr is apt to be a little sanctimonious, and that a penitent is sometimes a bit of a sneak. Resignation and self-restraint are admirable qualities, but admirable in proportion to the force of the opposing temptation. The strong man curbing his passions, the weak woman finding strength in patient suffering, are deserving of our deepest admiration; but in Massinger we feel that the triumph of virtue implies rather a want of passion than a power of commanding it, and that resignation is comparatively easy when it connotes an absence of active force. The general lowering of vitality, the want of rigid dramatic colouring, deprive his martyrs of that background of vigorous reality against which their virtues would be forcibly revealed. His pathos is not vivid and penetrating. Truly pathetic power is produced only when we see that it is a sentiment wrung from a powerful intellect by keen sympathy with the wrongs of life. We are affected by the tears of a strong man; but the popular preacher who enjoys weeping produces in us nothing but contempt. Massinger's heroes and heroines have not, we may say, backbone enough in them to make us care very deeply for their sorrows. And they moralise rather too freely. We do not want sermons, but sympathy, when we are in our deepest grief; and we do not feel that anyone feels very keenly who can take his sorrows for a text, and preach in his agony upon the vanity of human wishes or the excellence of resignation.

Massinger's remarkable flow of genuine eloquence, his real dignity of sentiment, his sympathy for virtuous motive, entitle him to respect;

but we cannot be blind to the defect which keeps his work below the level of his greatest contemporaries. It is, in one word, a want of vital force. His writing is pitched in too low a key. He is not invigorating, stimulating, capable of fascinating us by the intensity of his conceptions. His highest range is a dignified melancholy or a certain chivalrous recognition of the noble side of human nature. The art which he represents is still a genuine and spontaneous growth instead of an artificial manufacture. He is not a mere professor of deportment, or maker of fine phrases. The days of mere affectation have not yet arrived ; but, on the other hand, there is an absence of that grand vehemence of soul which breathes in the spontaneous, if too lawless, vigour of the older race. There is something hollow under all this stately rhetoric ; there are none of those vivid phases which reveal minds moved by strong passions and excited by new aspects of the world. "The sails of his verse are not, in Chapman's phrase, "filled with a lusty wind," but moving at best before a steady breath of romantic sentiment, and sometimes flapping rather ominously for want of true impulse. High thinking may still be there, but it is a little self-conscious, and in need of artificial stimulant. The old strenuous line has disappeared, or gone elsewhere —perhaps to excite a Puritan imagination, and create another incarnation of the old type of masculine vigour in the hero of *Paradise Lost*.

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## Carving a Cocoa-Nut.

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THERE is one point upon which all our æsthetic teachers at the present day are agreed, with a marvellous and unwonted unanimity. Professor Ruskin, Mr. Morris, Sir Charles Eastlake, and a score of others, never weary of impressing upon us their conviction that an æsthetic regeneration is especially needed in the implements and surroundings of everyday life. They cry out, not for more fresco paintings and equestrian statues, not for new cathedrals and larger palaces, but for prettier and more graceful jugs and vases, daintier and more artistic chintzes and wall-papers, greater taste in house furniture, domestic architecture, and personal dress. "Art at home" is the watchword of the rising æsthetic school; and we see already the fruits of such wholesome doctrine in the household revolution which is taking place around us. A historical painting may be a far higher artistic product than a basin of brown stoneware; but it will be difficult to educate the masses up to the level of intelligent admiration for the former until they have learned to expect and to appreciate beauty in the latter.

Does not this great change which has come over the spirit of practical and directive æsthetic efforts throw much light upon the proper method of speculative and abstract æsthetic theory? May we not suspect that philosophers and psychologists have begun their investigations a little too high up in the scale, and that better results might have been attained if they had started with the analysis of a flower or of a vase before they tried their hands upon a Laocoön or a Messiah? Is there not a great danger that compound effects may come to be mistaken for simple elements, and that the lower, more sensuous, commoner components of æsthetic feeling may be neglected in favour of its higher, more intellectual, but less universal constituents? We can hardly turn over the pages of any philosophic treatise on the nature of beauty without seeing that this danger is very real and pressing. I propose in the present paper to offer some slight and tentative antidote to the prevailing tendency of thought in this direction, by attempting to sketch the principles which govern the carving of a common cocoa-nut into a savage drinking-cup.

One more word, by way of prelude, before we begin our actual analysis. It must be remembered that under the general name of æsthetics two very different departments of literature are at present incongruously jumbled together. First, there is art-criticism general or special, whose function is purely regulative or directive; and secondly, there is

the philosophy of beauty, or æsthetics properly so called, whose function is purely speculative or theoretical. But these two divisions of the subject have never yet been accurately separated in practice, which evidently shows the infantile state of such studies at the present day. In the earlier stages of every human activity, the science or theoretical department is never clearly distinguished from the art or practical department. But as time goes on, and differentiations are slowly established, we learn at length to separate these various offices, and to leave each to its proper professor. Now the business of art-criticism should be to say, "this is pretty," "that is ugly;" but the business of æsthetics should be to say, "this is why people think one thing pretty," "that is why people call another thing ugly." While the former directs and advises, the latter reasons and explains. The æsthetic philosopher has no right either to praise or condemn; his sole duty is to account for the positive facts which he finds in the data before him. Great harm has heretofore arisen from the confusion of the two fields here discriminated. Every æsthetic writer has imagined himself called upon to lay down rules for guidance, when his true province is merely to explain actual practice. And the confusion thus arising has assisted in bringing to the foreground of æsthetic theory those higher and more complicated elements whose exclusive study has led to such bad results. Each critic has impressed upon the public the peculiarities which his own cultivated taste led him to prefer, as though they were eternal and immutable principles, fixed like the law of Medes and Persians; while he has generally passed by with contempt those simpler manifestations of æsthetic feeling which ought to form the basis of any comprehensive theory of beauty.

The present writer may congratulate himself on running no such risk of over-subtlety. He does not draw or paint, play or sing. The only manual art in which he possesses any skill is the humble craft of wood-carving. But in the practice of that inferior branch of artistic handiwork there are many opportunities for noticing certain elementary æsthetic principles which may easily escape the observation of painters or sculptors. It might prove both interesting and instructive if in the present case we were to take our rough cocoa-nut in its primitive state, and watch together the various processes it must undergo before it attains even that moderate æsthetic level which is its highest possible goal.

Our nut as it comes from the fruiterer is a very unpromising subject indeed. Some faint element of beauty there may be in its rounded shape; but with this exception not much can be said in its favour, even by the most enthusiastic critic. It is a dull brown in colour, destitute of either bright hues or glossy sheen; and it is covered by an untidy mass of rough matted fibres, or, as we oftener call it, hair. Clearly it has no directly beautiful effect, and its sensuous unpleasantness is heightened by the intellectual feeling that no human care or industry has been bestowed upon it in any shape.

Of course our first step must be to strip off the ugly covering of loose fibre, and expose the naked surface of the shell. This we can easily manage by scraping it with broken glass. After a couple of hours spent in patient toil we succeed in clearing away the last remnant of hair. And now our cocoa-nut stands forth in its underlying form, an artificial product already. True, we have done little to it as yet; but the eye recognises at once, even now, that man's hand has been at work upon it; and henceforth we regard it, not as a natural fruit, but as a manufactured artistic object. It has to be tried in future by the canons which we apply to human handicraft; and the nature of the workmanship will become a main feature in the total aesthetic effect it is to produce.

As it stands at present, our nut is an egg-shaped, dusky brown body, presenting a moderately even surface, but rough to the touch, and too dull to reflect any direct rays of light. Clearly our next process must remedy these defects. We must render it smooth enough to yield tactful pleasure, and glossy enough to afford our eyes the agreeable stimulation of lustre. So we go to work again, this time with a penknife, and scrape off the angles or inequalities left by the broken glass. When we have levelled it sufficiently by this method—no easy task, for the shell is hard and the knife quickly blunted—we may proceed to polish the surface by smearing it with beeswax and patiently rubbing it between the palms of the hands. After about a fortnight of such manipulation—for, as we all know, *ars longa*—the whole nut has acquired a much darker colour and a uniform sheeny exterior. We can now handle it with pleasure, and its appearance affords us the visual gratification derived from brilliant and intermittent lustre playing upon a black and non-stimulating background. Besides, we now see in it far clearer evidence of patient toil than before, and we are able to appreciate the conscientious labour which has preferred the genuine and lasting polish obtained by friction to the cheap and temporary gloss that would be given by a coating of varnish.

As yet, however, our nut is whole. It does not give us the idea of a human *utensil*. We must cut it in two if we wish to make a cup of it. And this process, simple as it seems, involves two or three aesthetic considerations of great suggestiveness. Let us take a saw and commence operations, and we shall see at once what these are.

In the first place, we must cut it somewhere at right angles to the axis of the nut. This principle is so obvious that it seems absurd to insist upon it. Nobody would dream of *cutting it crooked*, as we say, that is, at an angle of inclination to the axis. But it is just the very universality and apparent naturalness of such a procedure which gives it a value in the eyes of analytic aestheticians. We demand that the cup shall be cut even, because in that way we get the greatest possible symmetry of which its material is capable. Here we see how instinctive is the intervention of the intellect on such a subject. I don't think a monkey would care much about the line of section, so long as his cup

held enough water for his wants. But man is, above everything, an implement maker. When we find more or less symmetrical implements in drift or caverns, we conclude at once that the animal who made them was something worth calling *a man*. And the longer he goes on making implements, the more does this expectation of symmetry grow upon him. I have some calabashes cut and carved by negroes, in which the sections are far from true, and the lines of the pattern seldom quite straight or regularly carved; I have some others, etched by European ladies, in which every portion is as accurately drawn as if it had been traced by a lathe. The habit of careful finish has so impressed itself upon us by the numerous examples which we see around us, that we are never satisfied now with a degree of rough symmetry which would have seemed perfect to our troglodyte ancestors. It is true, there has come a revulsion—and not an unnatural one—of late years against the excessive mechanical regularity of our manufactured articles; but this is a question which we shall have abundant opportunities of discussing at a later stage of our inquiry, so that it need not detain us for the present.

Again, while we have settled the proper *angle* at which to saw the shell, we have not yet decided the *point* at which we are to saw it. We may cut it either exactly half-way down the nut, or else a little above or below the middle. There are several reasons which, in the average of cases, will incline the workman to cut it about an inch and a half above the line of bisection. In the first place, such a plan will yield us the largest possible vessel which our material can afford, consistently with the possibility of drinking or pouring out the contents in a convenient manner. Of course the original notion of any such cup is that of practical utility; and though our present object may be merely to carve a drawing-room ornament, we shall be governed greatly by the habitual forms handed down to us from our savage ancestors, through barbarous and civilized arts. Now when the savage makes himself a utensil out of a cocoa-nut, a calabash, a gourd, an ostrich or emu egg, a horn, or a skull, he naturally cuts it in the manner which will give him the largest and most convenient vessel into which his raw material can possibly be made. There is good reason for believing that all keramic ware takes its origin from these original natural forms; indeed, there is evidence that pottery was at first moulded round such native utensils, and only slowly superseded them through its superior powers of resisting fire. At any rate, many jars and bowls are still modelled more or less closely upon the same plan, and we have thus become accustomed to the conventional forms both through savage specimens laid up in museums, or mounted in drawing-rooms, and through artificial patterns indirectly derived from similar sources. Accordingly, we expect the usual form to be followed in this instance, especially as any other section would yield a cup either less graceful or less convenient. Let us see why.

If we were to cut off only a little scalp, a couple of inches in diameter, from the top of the nut, we should get a sort of bottle or goblet, with a

round hole at its summit. Calabashes, or ostrich eggs, cut in this manner, are in common use everywhere for carrying water, a service which they are fairly fitted to perform. But they are very inconvenient to drink out of, as everyone who has tested them practically can bear witness. And as we mean to carve this cocoa-nut ornamenteally, it will be better to make it into a cup, for a mere bucket which goes to the well does not demand any high decoration. Besides, such a vessel is ungainly and awkward in the judgment of civilized persons, through the want of a neck and lip, to which modern ewers have accustomed our eyes—or rather, our intellects. On the other hand, if we were to cut it exactly in the middle, not only should we lose a good deal of space, but also, which is more important from the purely aesthetic point of view, we should sacrifice the graceful double curve, and the pretty suggestion of oval form. From these various considerations it results—I do not say that we *ought* to cut a cocoa-nut or an ostrich shell at this particular point—but that the majority of workmen, savage or civilized, *do* actually cut them so, as an inspection of individual cases will soon reveal to the reader. Of course the workman does not explicitly go through the line of analytic reasoning detailed above, but he feels it implicitly, and decides at once that *this* is the proper place to saw it. I put the question in a specific case to half-a-dozen persons, including ladies, servants, and a carpenter, and they all unanimously and severally pointed to an imaginary line on the nut within a quarter of an inch. Such coincidences cannot, of course, be purely accidental.

So, having chosen our line of section, we saw our nut boldly across, and remove the soft matter from the inside. The future destination of this portion being the manufacture of cocoa-nut pudding, it no longer concerns the aesthetic enquirer. But it will be well for us to scrape the rough edges where the saw has passed, first with broken glass as before, and afterwards more carefully with a penknife, so as to remove all roughness, reduce the irregularities of the section, and polish the new surface to the same degree of lustre which we have already given to the exterior. Unless we were thus to round off the edge, there would result a feeling of careless workmanship. Besides, the sharp and jagged section left by the saw would hurt the mouth as we drank; and though this cup is only for ornament, yet we must *make believe*, as the children say, that it might be used for its original purpose. Unless we do so we shall involve ourselves in all kinds of logical contradictions, which when perceived by those capable of appreciating them, yield that discordant result known dogmatically as *false art*.

Another consideration strikes us at this point. We might have cut our nut, not straight through, but with a sinuous curve, so that the drinking-edge would have presented the appearance of a continuous line-of-grace. By so doing we would have secured one more element of sensuous beauty, which would have possessed certain advantages of its own. Yet on the whole I think we have done better in choosing the simple

level mouthpiece. It accords more closely with the notion of a drinking vessel; for had we adopted the undulating outline, we should be in danger of spilling the contents through the sinuous depressions when we raised the cup to our lips. So we see here how, in the case of any utensil like this, fitness for its proper function limits the application of sensuously efficient decorations. But we must not on that account fall into the great error of supposing that fitness is of itself beauty. Only when an object strikes us as beautiful on immediate grounds does the secondary consideration of applicability yield any aesthetic effect. In itself, and when divorced from actual pleasurable stimulation, fitness may rouse utilitarian commendation, but cannot give rise to an aesthetic thrill.

And now that we have reached this breathing-place in our task and its running commentary, let me pause a moment to answer an objection which I feel sure has been rising to the reader's lips half-a-dozen times during the course of the preceding analysis. I began by saying that the business of the aesthetic philosopher was not to lay down rules but to explain practice; and yet it would seem as though I had all along been overstepping my own limitation, by giving directions how a cocoa-nut *ought* to be cut and polished. Perhaps, however, a little consideration will get rid of this seeming contradiction. The steps I am describing, and the advice I am giving, are not derived from introspection of my own consciousness and dicta of my own idiosyncratic taste, but from careful objective comparison of similar works of art, produced by savages, barbarians, and civilized workmen. If any special critic chooses to say to me, "I should prefer the nut not to be polished," or, "I should like it to be sawn in two, sideways," I can only answer, "If that is your own fancy, so be it by all means." I can no more argue with him upon the subject than I can argue upon his taste for olives, caviare, or light wines. But I know how most people like a cocoa-nut polished, and I can verify my facts by constant observation of the actual product, several specimens of which I happen myself to possess. Now the duty of the psychological aesthetician is to account for these observed uniformities of taste, compared with which the diversities of one mind or another are of very minor importance. After this has been successfully accomplished, we may pass on to those special instances noticed above. If a critic seriously tells us that he prefers the nut in the rough, then we may endeavour to fathom the peculiar circumstances of his nervous organization, which make him thus run counter to the average consensus of human likes and dislikes. As a rule, we shall find this an easier task than at first sight would seem probable; for such divergences are mostly due to a recoil from the monotony of ordinary art—they represent the case of fastidiousness as opposed to vulgarity. Sometimes they run into extremes, and then they become ridiculous; while at other times they are based upon a very sensible objection to some hackneyed triviality. But I have purposely chosen the case of a cocoa-nut cup, because we have

here caught art in its embryo stage, and are therefore less likely to suffer from complications of such a sort.

By this time it is probably clear to the reader why we must separate our theory of beauty from the practical guidance of art. The former requires much objective observation and careful notice of even the simplest æsthetic objects ; the latter demands rather familiarity with the highest works of art, and delicate discrimination of the most developed and complex feelings. The psychologist must allow that there is beauty—relatively to the mass of men—in products which the art-critic would denounce as wretched daubs or atrocious travesties of music. He must be prepared to explain the tattooing and mutilation of the savage, no less than the exquisite moulding of the Apollo Belvedere. He must frankly grant that red is the most universally pleasing of colours, and that ordinary eyes seem never to have got enough of it. He must look for his examples rather to the street than to the gallery, rather to the wigwam than to the palace, rather to the cheap lithograph than to the walls of the Academy. In short, he must aim more at explaining the general taste than at directing the most elevated taste. Æsthetic philosophy may reverse the apophthegm of Aristotle, and assert that its end is not practice but knowledge.

And here let me guard against a misinterpretation. In saying all this I do not wish to depreciate or underrate the important office of the art-critic. He stands to the æsthetician in the same relation as the preacher stands to the ethical philosopher. His province is that of exhortation, of exegesis, of encouragement, of warning. He often points out to us unobserved beauties, teaches us new and interesting points of view, or shows us how to raise and quicken our own standard of taste and judgment. The strenuous preaching of some such apostles of artistic culture has produced that æsthetic revival which is at this moment reforming the sombre or gaudy aspect of our homes, and making the world brighter, happier, and more elevated for tens of thousands in our midst. Far be it from me to raise my voice for a moment against men who have so enriched and beautified our lives. But the critic and the psychologist have each his proper sphere, and only harm can come from the intrusion of the one upon the domain of the other.

It is time, however, to return from this long digression, and take up once more our neglected cocoa-nut. Let us notice what changes we have already wrought in it. We took it in hand as a rough nut, and by polishing it we made it an artificial object; but now we have done more than this; under our hands it has taken the form of a cup, and has become a utilitarian implement, no longer a mere ornamental body. If we chose, we might lay it aside now, and it would be, in a certain sense, a finished article. Yet I think everybody will allow that if we went no further than we have yet done, our handiwork would not deserve or obtain any very special attention. If we wish to raise it to a decent position in the æsthetic scale, we must next set to work and *carve* it. Why?

The answer is easily found. At present it is just a plain polished cocoa-nut cup, and nothing more. It is a utensil; it will hold water; and it has been given so much simple aesthetic adornment, in the act of polishing, as even the savage bestows upon the commonest article of domestic use. But this adornment, though of great importance as giving the basis for much of our developed artistic feeling, is in itself not sufficient to make our cup a particularly beautiful or striking object. It is smooth to the touch, it is bright to the eye, but it does not appeal at all strongly to the purely intellectual faculties. If we wish to raise it a step higher, we must add something to it, which will engage the mind for a longer time, and fix the attention by more elaborate details. This end we shall attain by giving it a *pattern*.

If we look into the Ethnological Room in the British Museum we shall see how important a factor in aesthetic development this love for patterns has been. The ordinary calabash for home use in the hut of the subject is merely cut into a rude vessel, and, if adorned at all, is carelessly scraped with a few intersecting curves; but the great chief must have some more worthy drinking cup, and his gourd or cocoa-nut is minutely decorated with grotesque figures and intricate interlacing arabesques. Some of these triumphs of nascent fine art are carved with a precision and delicacy which may well astonish those who know little of savage life. The patient toil of years has often been expended on one of these *chef's d'œuvre*, wrought with very imperfect tools, but finally turned out with an exquisitely finished elaboration, which no European workman would care to imitate. The paddles borne by the Hervey Island chieftains, as a symbol of authority, are deeply chiselled with a network of tracery whose general effect closely resembles that of the finest lace; while the clubs of the Navigator Islanders are studded with embossed patterns, whose singularly graceful convolutions cannot fail to attract the eyes of every spectator. The New Zealand war-canoes are also decorated with the most conscientious and effective workmanship. Indeed, there are few savage products, amongst those which aim at aesthetic impressiveness, that do not succeed in affording us considerable artistic pleasure.\* Setting aside for the present all special antiquarian or ethnographical interest, I think we may analyze this pleasure into three main components.

First, there is the gratification of intellectual exercise, already briefly hinted at. If the cup, or the club, or the paddle, merely gives us the idea of its own outline, our curiosity is soon satisfied, and we turn away listlessly to some other and more attractive object. But if it is covered

\* Several excellent specimens of savage art may be seen in Mr. Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament*, and they almost without exception command the unhesitating approbation of that acute and liberal critic. I mention this fact lest those who have never examined these primitive art-products should imagine that I am carried away by a not unnatural enthusiasm for a subject on which I have bestowed special attention.

with intricate geometrical ornaments, or with quaint representations of the human form, or with conventionalized figures of plants and animals, we get a great variety of visual salient points, and an agreeable field for the exercise of the intellect. Our attention is arrested and pleasurable concentrated for a considerable time. In all æsthetic objects this is a factor of much importance. A plain façade gives us nothing to notice; a cathedral front presents to the eye an infinite variety of arches, doorways, windows, niched statues, and sculptured gargoyles. So, too, a daisy at first sight is a mere little white flower with a yellow centre; looked at through a pocket lens, it shows us a lavish mass of golden bells, fringed with a border of snowy florets. Indeed, æsthetic education consists largely in the simple act of calling the learner's attention to the full complexity of many unobserved details. In architecture, our pleasure is almost entirely relative to the extent of our acquaintance with the art, and our consequent ability to grasp the whole meaning of a vast and complicated organic whole. The trite observation that savages and rustics see little beauty in Nature owes a large part of its truth to the fact that savages and rustics seldom look at more than the outer shell of Nature. A microscope is a short way to discover how much loveliness is to be found in ugly things.

Secondly, there is the pleasure of human workmanship, of careful artistic execution, which we miss in the simple polished nut, or, rather, find only in a very subordinate degree. We like to see evidence of pains-taking work, and this it is that most enchains our eyes in those intricate patterns which savages lavish upon all their higher art-products. Furthermore, this pleasure is inextricably mixed up with the complex feeling of costliness. Price is, roughly speaking, a measure of the labour bestowed, and when we see much labour obviously applied to a piece of work we instinctively know that it is costly. Nobody likes those cheap shams which pretend to be lace and are only loom-work, or which try to look like marble statuettes, and are really plaster-of-Paris casts. Especially in this age of cheap imitations do we turn away in disgust from the machine-made ware that floods our homes, to the honest if rude workmanship of the mediæval potter and the savage woodcarver, finding there at least genuine material genuinely employed.

Thirdly, there is the pleasure of symmetry. In the most advanced plastic and keramic art, it is true, we have got rid of this source of gratification, and replaced it by a higher and better one—that of artistic freedom. Everyone who has studied the finest specimens of Japanese art must have been struck with the admirable results which have been obtained through the systematic rejection of symmetry. But it requires a very developed æsthetic taste fully to appreciate the pure element of freedom, while the merest barbarian is struck at once by the intellectual order and regularity of a symmetrical pattern. Accordingly, savage implements are almost always decorated with a rigid adherence to some fixed design. And the design so sketched, though not absolutely so

beautiful to a cultured eye as the sprawling lizards and straying foliage of Palissy's dishes, has yet a simple prettiness of its own. Any repetition of a given form, arranged radially or concentrically, is in itself pleasing, as the reader may convince himself by folding a piece of paper in eight, and then cutting out of it a circular pattern of any sort whatsoever, merely allowing the scissors to wander where they will.

And now that we have seen why our cocoa-nut will look better if carved than if allowed to remain simply smooth and glossy, let us proceed to the question of what figures we must carve on it. This difficulty has already been met in part while we considered the third form of pleasure given us by the carved shell.

We might, if we liked, sketch upon it a scene of English life, or a classical subject, such as Acteon pursued by the hounds of Artemis, and then render this in *bas-relief*, quite irrespective of the curved surface, and in a modern European style of art. But I think almost everybody would allow that this mode of treatment would have a particularly bad effect. The cocoa-nut is essentially a tropical product, and its manipulation into a cup is essentially a barbaric process. And so our feeling of congruity would be shocked if a European design were wrought upon it in a European fashion. This may be an idiosyncrasy of my own—and I know that I have laboured hard and unsuccessfully to teach many ladies in the tropics that calabashes should not be etched with natural flowers in Indian ink, but painted with grotesque and savage heads (wherein, of course, I was assuming the province of an art critic, on however humble a field, which I expressly disclaim in the present paper). Yet I am inclined to say that most people will agree in condemning the employment of imitative figures and landscape on a material of this sort. Setting aside entirely the higher aesthetic question whether they are *ever* well applied to vases or similar objects, we feel in the present case that they would violate a more elementary fitness of things.

What, then, shall we carve on our nut? Clearly, we shall satisfy the average observer most—which is all that we are endeavouring to do—if we put upon it a pattern such as its savage possessor would have designed. Now, there are two classes of pattern in common use for primitive ornamentation. One is the purely decorative, consisting of graceful symmetrical arrangements of curved and radial lines; the other is the partially imitative, in which the human face and form is introduced, even if mixed up with other meaningless figures. Either of these will do equally well for our purpose; suppose, then, we choose the latter.

So we get to work again, and begin by dividing our nut into six equal wedge-shaped segments, stretching from the apex to the lip, and lightly scratched with a knife. We must do this in order that our figures may all occupy equal spaces, and may "come right" after we have sketched them round the bowl. Then we draw another line right round the nut, parallel with the section, and about a quarter of an inch

from the lip, in which interspace we must hereafter carve a string-course of knobs or beads, with a continuous raised line on either side of it. Unless we did so, our cup would look as if it had no natural termination, and as if the pattern was not divided off from the drinking-lip. A very cursory examination, even of civilised crockery, will show that this is an aesthetic necessity—at least for the lower walks of industrial art. Every vessel must have a margin or edge, which, as it were, marks the fact of its termination at that particular point.

Next, in each of our six segments, we sketch the figure of a man. This man must not be walking, or running, or sitting, or standing: he must be a *man absolute*, a mere outline of humanity apart from any special occupation. He must be full-faced, for savages do not understand profiles or three-quarters, often asking in such a case what has become of his other eye. The head must be immensely and disproportionately large, for both children and savages regard that as the most important part, and quite disregard anatomical considerations. Of course he must have goggle eyes, a flat open nose, strongly marked nostrils, and a mouth that stretches almost from ear to ear. Below, he must have a small body, two arms more or less akimbo, and a pair of hanging bandy legs supported upon nothing. In short, he must be as good a copy as we can make of the grotesque, abstract, misshapen human forms which we have seen on real specimens of primitive art.

It would be both tedious and unnecessary to follow out the details of our pattern in their whole minuteness. All that is needful to the comprehension of our question is this—our little men must be placed evenly, each in the centre of his segment, and must be exact copies of one another. As soon as they are all sketched, we may begin the work of reducing. The deeper we can cut away the interspaces without endangering the solidity of our work, the better will be the final result. Of course this process of reduction is long and toilsome; but then, each fraction of an inch that we can pare away heightens the relief of the remaining portion. So we toil on, emulating the patience of our savage friends, till after a month or two of incessant scraping the whole middle portion of the nut has been cut down an eighth of an inch, and the grotesque figures stand out in shining relief upon a dullish background of uneven shell.

And now, what shall we do with this reduced surface? We might possibly scrape it smooth, and polish it to the same degree as the raised pattern, which of course consists of our original glossy exterior. But this method is not the best, for then our figures would not stand out even as well as they do at present. How about the exactly opposite course, though? Suppose we make the background *duller* instead of *glossier*? Surely that will give the greatest amount of relief to our figures, for then they will stand out both in virtue of their different level and in virtue of their different colour.

Accordingly we take our knife in hand again, and cover the whole

background surface with an intersecting network of straight lines, which form a minute diapered pattern over the depressed portion of our cup. The diaper is so close and deeply cut that it gives a rich brown tone to the interspaces, against which the glossy black figures show up in strong contrast. Moreover, the dainty workmanship of this background greatly increases the appearance of artistic care; while its comparative roughness renders the adjoining lustre at once more conspicuous and more agreeable. Unmixed brilliancy makes too violent a demand upon the optic nerve, as we often feel amid the tinsel of a theatre or the gilt and polished corridors of a palace; but to get the full pleasurable effects of brightness it should be interspersed with studious patches of duller material, in order that the eye may obtain easy relief from the powerful stimulation of directly-reflected light.

It will add to the general effect if we carve a special pattern of interlacing curves around the apex, and work in a few similar touches wherever the spaces between the figures show wide undecorated patches. All such additions will go to increase the feeling of honest and untiring labour, and consequently heighten the aesthetic pleasure of the spectator. But we may leave any further ornamentation to the fancy of the reader, as no separate psychological principle is involved in their comprehension. Finally, after our cup has received its finishing touch, we may, if we like, bind its lip with silver, and mount it on three slender silver legs. By so doing we shall obtain a striking yet not inharmonious contrast between the savage workmanship of the nut and the civilised craft of the silversmith. And we may set it up at last on our drawing-room what-not, to stand out in bold relief from the exquisite pomegranate wall-paper which forms the opposite pole and most developed outcome of decorative art.

And now that our analysis is completed—or rather, vaguely sketched, for a complete analysis eludes us by its intricacy—what general lesson may we learn from our long labour of carving and commenting? This fundamental aesthetic idea—that beauty consists, not in one or two separate effects, but in a vast mass of qualities, each of which appeals to a distinct faculty of our nature, sensuous, emotional, or intellectual. And of these, the sense-pleasures are the commonest, the simplest, and the most universal, being felt alike by child, and savage, and cultivated man; while the other pleasures rise ever in a sliding scale with the intellectual and emotional development of the individual or the race. Yet so inextricably are all these elements united in our one complex idea of the beautiful, that we can draw no positive line between the baby's admiration for a bunch of red rags and the critic's admiration for a Sistine Madonna or a *Paradise Lost*,

## Experiences of an Indian Famine.

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RECENT telegrams from India told us that, in addition to large numbers of poor employed on various relief works, there was more than a million of people still receiving charitable relief, and further that the prospects were still bad in Madras.

It is hard to realise the intensity of misery that is condensed into this brief report, or to understand what a terrible state the country must be in before so many thousands have been reduced to that abject stage of suffering, which has compelled them to seek for help at the charitable hands of Government.

Famine is unfortunately of late years no novelty in India, so that many of us, whose lives are spent there, know from hard experience how awful the calamity now impending over India is ; and possibly a short account of the personal experience of one official, telling what was done and suffered a few years ago in one district, may be useful in showing how great the difficulties are that have now to be encountered, and what vast efforts to save life are necessary.

It must be remembered that this account only refers to one district : where the famine, as it now does, spreads over large areas, the difficulties of dealing with it satisfactorily are immeasurably increased. Misery is in no degree lessened by being wider spread, and all the various episodes of suffering are multiplied to an unlimited extent.

In 1868-69 many districts of the Central and North-west Provinces suffered severely from long-continued drought and its after-effects. Fortunately, the area thus affected was limited, so that Government was able in great measure to cope with the enemy and ward off many of famine's worst attributes ; still, even when Government does its utmost, the areas to be supplied are so vast, and the numbers so unwieldy, that the sufferings of the masses cannot but be terrible. In the years 1866 to 1868 the Jubbulpore district was peculiarly unfortunate. In one year the rainfall was slight, so that but a poor crop was gathered ; in the next the rainfall was so heavy that almost all the grain sown in the rainy season was destroyed ; in the third year the rains failed altogether. Where as a rule sixty inches of rain fell, in 1868 there were not more than twenty-five. In consequence all the rice and millet crops—the staple food of the bulk of the population—failed entirely : the ground was so hard and dry that the wheat sown in November never came up at all. Prices rose higher than had ever been known since the famine of 1839, and starvation stared the miserable population in the face.

At that time Jubbulpore was much more cut off from the world than at present: now the main line of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway has its terminus in Jubbulpore, where it is met by a branch of the East Indian Railway from Allahabad. In 1868 the first of these lines was in course of construction, and thus not available for the transport of grain. The famine affected the neighbouring districts on both sides, though not as much as Jubbulpore itself; still little assistance could be obtained from them, while in the native states to the North—Rewah, Punnah, Myhere and others—the distress was equally great, and the arrangements for relief not so good. In consequence the difficulties of the officials were very greatly enhanced by the streams of emigrants which poured into our relief camps on the first whisper of Government aid to the distressed being bruited abroad. The East India Railway from Allahabad to Jubbulpore was open, but grain was so scarce in the North-west, and prices ran so high there, that it hardly paid private speculators to import by rail. At first the markets were scantily supplied through the local merchants, but as this was the third year of trial, the existing stock in the hands of the better classes of land-owners was soon exhausted, and grain had to be imported by rail from Patna and other places where fortunately it was procurable at reasonable prices. From the terminus at Murwarra, in the absence of carts, it was conveyed to the various relief centres on pack bullocks, which fortunately were that year available. Inland carriage is always a serious difficulty in these emergencies, for in the rains the roads are quite impracticable for wheeled conveyances of any sort.

The famine was at its worst from March to July 1869; but pressure had begun to be felt as long before as November 1868, when it was seen clearly that all the wet crops had failed through want of rain. The population of this part of India is mainly agricultural, and it relies for its support and food on the crops dependent on the rainfall—that is, rice, Indian corn, and several kinds of millet. On the other hand, the produce of the cold weather crop—such as wheat, grain, and other varieties of pulses—are looked to to enable the cultivator to pay his rent, buy plough cattle, and obtain such luxuries as his means allow. Each village is as a rule a community in itself: it has its head-man, its artificers, village watchman, and herdsman; in the larger villages there is the school, the police post, and the village accountant or Putwarri.

As soon as it was fairly understood how grave the situation was, every effort was made to meet the difficulty. The Chief Commissioner of the Provinces gave the district officials authority to act to the best of their ability to save life; he also authorised suspension of the Government demand for revenue wherever such was found to be desirable. He himself visited the most distressed part of the district, and after inspecting the various measures for relief gave permission to draw on the Government Treasury for such sums as were found to be absolutely necessary to save life and suffering. A commencement was first made by converting police posts into centres of relief. This was done very early in the year,

When the police officer on his tour found that the poorer classes were even then beginning to fail, he supplied his subordinates with funds and directions to succour the distressed wherever it laid in their power. The village watchmen and the proprietors generally were ordered to report at once to the police, or to district head-quarters, the existence of all such distress as the village community could not allay of itself. Schoolmasters and village accountants were employed in the same service ; and finally twenty-seven relief camps were opened for such poor people as had nothing. The Government was most liberal : relief works were opened throughout the localities where the distress was most prevalent ; and for people who could not work either on account of age, illness, or suffering through their privations, huts were set apart and attendants to minister to their wants.

The relief works generally consisted of lengths of road, intended eventually to act as feeders to the railway. Where there was no room for these the opportunity was taken of all the tanks being dry, to clean them out thoroughly, and repair their embankments. The labourers were paid according to their work—certain tasks being allotted for men, women, and children—and payment was made in grain, or where there was a market in which supplies could be purchased, in money. Supplies of cooked food were kept always ready for such unfortunates as were brought in too far exhausted to help themselves ; and these were not a few. It constantly happened that men and women of good family, ashamed to beg, quietly gave themselves up to die, in preference to coming to ask for relief. To find out these cases was, and always will be, a great difficulty in an Indian famine. Nominally, the proprietor or head-man of the village is held responsible, and he is expected to keep the police, or the nearest Government official, informed of any such cases ; practically, he is often nearly as badly off himself as the worst cases in his village, and is quite unable to render assistance. Much may be done, and is done, by house to house visitation ; but to carry out thoroughly such visitation over the enormous areas that have now to be dealt with, is a work of vast magnitude and cost. European officers are not available in sufficient numbers, to say nothing of the enormous addition to the cost of relief if Europeans are employed so largely, while low paid natives in subordinate positions cannot be trusted to carry out thoroughly a matter of life and death of this sort. Not only are natives apt to work in a perfunctory manner, but even if they were very carefully supervised, they are, I may almost say, physically incapable of looking at the matter in the light that we do. Few of them will have sufficient knowledge of the anatomy of their fellow-men to enable them to judge satisfactorily whether the latter are in a dangerous stage of emaciation ; neither will they have kindly feeling towards their fellows in an equal degree to Europeans. Natives look upon an infliction of this terrible nature as a direct visitation from Heaven ; and if men die of starvation, they consider that their death has been brought about by the hand of God, consequently no one is to blame ; although it is quite possible that a little

extra care or exertion on the part of lookers-on might have saved some at any rate of the lives. They have never until recently seen a Government accept the responsibility of its position towards its subjects in the matter of famine, after the manner of the English, who enforce the practice of saving life, where such life can be saved by human agency, without counting the cost.

Natives are charitable to a degree : they give with great liberality, but they lack the energy to see that their charity takes the right direction. Instances are not rare of distress in native states. The chief considers he has done his duty liberally if he authorises a remission of land revenue ; he takes no steps to see that the remission reaches the unfortunate for whom it was intended ; in consequence often the only gainer is the farmer of the village, who is probably in collusion with the revenue official ; the tenants are forced to pay up the uttermost farthing, and if after that they die of starvation, their death is set down to the visitation of God, and the liberality of the chief in remitting his revenue is extolled. It is these peculiarities of character that cause some of our many difficulties in India.

With a district short-handed in the way of Europeans, it was no easy task to organise and see carried out all the arrangements requisite for the saving of the many lives that would otherwise assuredly have been lost without these efforts. The country was, however, fortunate in having men who devoted themselves to the work, not only from a sense of duty, but out of sheer kindness of heart. Conspicuous among all was an engineer officer in the employment of the East India Railway. He, from his long residence among the people, was thoroughly acquainted with their wants, and earned their confidence to a wonderful degree. He was thus able to render the most valuable assistance to the district officials, who happened at that time not to have been very long in the district, and consequently were not nearly so conversant of the requirements of the country and people as he was. His was no easy or pleasant work. His house was situated in the midst of the most distressed country. Of his own free-will he took charge of all the relief camps within a radius of some twenty-five miles. In this area there were some fourteen different camps ; and after his own morning's work was over, he used to devote his days to these poor suffering people. At his own head-quarters the relief camp was perhaps the largest in the district. The numbers there varied from 800 to 4000 souls in all stages of emaciation and sickness, for sickness in all its most terrible forms always follows famine. His servants died of cholera or smallpox, and his own employers begged him to leave his famine and plague-stricken residence ; but he refused, and remained calmly at his post until good times came again. His assistance to the district officials was simply invaluable, and it was given out of pure philanthropy.

A short description of the relief camp over which he presided may be interesting. All the camps were more or less alike, and on the same principles, so that the description of one will do for all,

On an open plain somewhat cut up with ravines, which all led down to the bed of a river, were several rows of huts, roughly constructed of boughs of trees and grass : for the sake of order and cleanliness these huts were built in streets in contiguous order, with clear spaces in front and in rear. At one end stood the store for grain, protected from plunder by a strong barricade of wood, and guarded by policemen and chuprassies, who on that occasion were equivalent to special constables. The entrance to this store was through a barrier, carefully guarded, and the recipient of the dole was taken through the grain store to where the fire-wood was deposited. There he received his allotted quantity, and was then passed out at the other end, to make his own arrangements for cooking and eating. At first there was some difficulty in preventing the starving crowds falling on those who went in first and robbing them of the grain, which was immediately devoured raw. The offenders in this way were new-comers who were on the verge of starvation, and did not believe that, if they waited their turn, they too would obtain a supply of food. Gradually, however, the lesson was learnt, and the camp at Murwarra, though the largest, and crowded with the worst sufferers, used to be the most orderly in the district. At the other end of the camp stood the hospitals—one for cholera patients, one for smallpox ; for general ailments, medicine was given out either at the local dispensary, or by a peripatetic dispenser in the open air. About a quarter of a mile or more from the camp was the burial ground, which, alas ! was very full before the famine ended. To this camp a native doctor was attached ; and he used to do his best to attend to the sick in other places as well, but, scattered as the relief camps were over the country some miles apart, but little could be done in the way of real medical attendance to all who required it. The number of medical men available was far too limited to admit of a doctor being attached to each camp. Even if such an arrangement had been feasible, it is doubtful whether the people would have appreciated the boon. They are quite unused to meet medical practitioners, or men who deserve the name, in the daily round of their lives ; so that, in these sad emergencies, they neither expected nor cared particularly for any such a luxury. Most villagers have a certain knowledge of the medical properties of herbs and barks, and in every village there is some wise-man who is supposed to understand the art of charming away diseases : with these the people are quite satisfied. They can always fall back upon police posts, which are supplied with simple medicines and directions for use. Perhaps the greatest difficulties we had to cope with were the carelessness of the people as regards infection, and their utter disregard of all proper sanitary arrangements. Nothing but constant supervision sufficed to keep the camps in anything like a wholesome condition, and to segregate smallpox patients from their relatives. Even now the people do not recognise the necessity of keeping sufferers from smallpox apart. Only last year, in visiting this very part of the district, my duty was to visit the various schools ; and there I constantly found

children covered with confluent smallpox, sitting among their fellows, brought in just to swell the complement of pupils at the examination.

When the first rush of starving poor to these relief centres was over, they were at once drafted to the various relief works in the neighbourhood, and told off to task work, each according to his physical ability. It was necessary to supply all comers with food charitably at first, as many came from long distances, and were quite exhausted by the privations they had suffered on the journey ; but as soon as ever they were fit to move they were given employment. I was much struck by their willingness to work ; all the decent agriculturists preferred working for their bread to receiving it in charity, and many used to work on until they dropped, in preference to begging. Of course there were many idlers and bad characters, who took advantage of the opportunity, and did as little as they well could ; but a percentage of bad characters is a necessity on occasions of this sort. The better classes avoided asking for help until all they possessed was gone, and then resorted to every sort of substance to stave off the pangs of hunger before asking for relief. The fruit of the Mhowa (*Bassia latifolia*) always, when procurable, forms a considerable portion of the food of the poorer population ; the flowers and fruit are collected, dried, and mixed with the millet flour commonly in use, and baked into the unleavened cakes of daily use : in 1869 this crop had almost failed. Another fruit, the Bér or *Zizyphus Jujuba*, is also a favourite addition to the simple food of the people in times of scarcity. This was scarce ; and it was an ordinary sight to see the people scattered throughout the jungles in search of this or any other fruit with which they might stave off the pangs of hunger. The bark of the Indian cotton tree (*Bombax malabaricum*) contains a considerable quantity of starch : these trees were stripped as high as the people could reach ; the bark was boiled down, mixed with a large portion of pipe-clay, and eaten in quantities ; the people being quite careless of the fact of this bark having strong medicinal properties as well. The pipe-clay was said to obviate this effect ; but it was terrible to see a family that had been subsisting on diet of this description : it just sufficed to retain life, but as there was little or no nourishment in the substance eaten, the people were walking skeletons. Their limbs were nothing but skin and bone, while the stomach was enormously distended ; the faces drawn and haggard, marked with this blue pipe-clay, gave them a most ghastly appearance. It was when they were found or brought into the relief camps in this state, that the greatest care was necessary to prevent their over-eating themselves, and dying of repletion.

Many were the instances of real heroism that were seen during that time of terrible distress : parents depriving themselves of their last mouthful to save their children ; sons, hardly able to articulate, begging the relieving officer to send help to their people dying at home, before attending to them ; people with barely enough to support their own families shared that little with the helpless children of their neighbours ; children

left orphans, or perhaps deserted, were taken charge of and cared for by neighbours, or even strangers, who little knew but that theirs would be the next turn. Of course the picture had its reverse side, and terrible it was. Little children unable to walk alone were deserted ; aged parents, ill and decrepit, were left to die ; wives were left by their husbands to starve ; and the strong robbed the weak of even their last morsel of bread. It is a time like this that brings out human nature in both its worst and best forms ; yet one striking feature was the fact that there was a far greater inclination among the bulk of the people to lie down and die in despair, than to turn to violence and lawlessness. A grain-dealer's shop was plundered here and there, but there was nothing like grain riots, or grain robbery on any systematic scale. In the relief camps it was necessary to protect the store houses and to put up strong barriers to prevent starving new-comers plundering their weaker brethren of their bread ; but once settled down to work, and the receipt of regular food or pay, these poor people were marvellously orderly and obedient.

It is sad to think of the various stages of misery these sufferers had to wade through : the story of one man's life at that time will hold good for hundreds. One man, before this famine and its two previous years of distress, had been fairly well to do, prior to the last settlement. He had farmed a village, had paid the rent due to his landlord regularly, had a few head of milch cattle, in addition to his plough bullocks, and had saved enough to buy his wife some long-wished-for silver bangles. Government had conferred on him the proprietary rights in this village. With years of reasonable prosperity, this boon would have been much valued ; for although the Government revenue and cesses came to something more than the farmer had been in the habit of paying to his landlord in kind, still the demand was not more than the land properly worked could well afford to pay. The Government custom is to assess its demand for revenue at half the actual assets of the village, bearing in mind the increase in value of the property that could be effected by simple improvements during the term of a long lease. The demand so fixed is unchangeable, and is payable either in years of prosperity or the reverse. I have no intention of entering here into the *vexata questio* of the advantages or otherwise of our systems of settlement of the land revenue in India ; but I merely wish to show that the fixity of the Government demand, and its novelty, was, perhaps, at this crisis, harder to bear than the old system of payment in kind. Had the famine come later, when the proprietor had reaped the advantages for some years of the Government system of payment of half assets, the fixity of the demand would not, in all probability, have made itself felt so severely. As it was, with the new *régime* came the years of scarcity. Our proprietor found his crops fail, and still the Collector called for his revenue. Formerly his landlord would have had to bear half his loss. The farmer had little or no spare capital, so, to enable him to pay the first year's demand, he sold all his milch cattle. 1867 followed with its extraordinary rainfall, which all but

drowned everything sown : again came the call to pay up the Government demand, and the owner of the village had to have recourse to the money-lender. The latter made a merit of letting him have the requisite funds, on a mortgage of the proprietary rights of the village. This mortgage deed would have done credit to some of our own usurers. It first stipulated that interest was to be paid at twelve per cent. ; that the unpaid interest was to be added to the principal, and interest at the above rate to run on both ; that before payment of the principal a drawback of three per cent. was to be deducted by the lender ; that the loan was to be repaid in certain instalments, failure of payment of any one of which authorised the creditor to demand payment in full, in one lump sum, principal and interest ; and finally, in default of payment, the deed was to be considered a conditional sale, and the village was after a certain term to become the property of the creditor without further proceedings. However, the money was obtained, the Government demand was paid, and the farmer lived in hopes. 1868, with its drought followed on the heels of the excessive rain of the year previous. In the cold weather of 1867-68, the farmer succeeded in raising a field or two of wheat, the sale of which enabled him to pay his first instalment of revenue, and to keep the wolf from his door a short time longer. In July and August, when the heavens should have been black with rain, the sky was like brass, and the earth bound with iron ; there was nothing but heat, and heat the more intense from its being unnatural. The grazing for the cattle had long disappeared, and the plough bullocks were kept alive by being fed on the branches of some of the jungle shrubs, or by being driven away into the highlands of the Satpura, where the numerous rivers and watercourses prevented the total destruction of all fodder. August passed ; and no rain. With September came a few showers, just enough to raise delusive hopes. The little grain there was in the house, that had been kept for seed, was put into the ground ; and the farmer and his family watched the heavens with hopes which quickly turned to despair as they saw the skies clear, and the monsoon end with less than one-third of the usual rainfall, just sufficient to make the crops sown germinate. As they withered away, so disappeared the hopes of the family. Nothing but ruin and starvation stared them in the face. Government, recognising the difficulty, suspended its demand to a more convenient season ; but to procure the mere necessities of life, recourse had again to be had to the money-lender. The plough cattle were given up to him at a nominal price to meet his demand for the instalments due ; and after much supplication he was induced to renew, raising his rate of interest from twelve to twenty-four per cent., and shortening the term for repayment by a year. In consideration of this he advanced a small sum for the immediate necessities of the family, and so enabled them to tide over the year. With the failure of the Mhowa\* crop in February, the last hope of these poor sufferers was gone. Still they held on, starving as

\* Mhowa (*Bassia latifolia*).

they were, until April. The mother, ill and exhausted, could not nourish her baby, and it died ; the second child, unable to bear the privations, fell another victim in March. At the end of that month the mother died of cholera, induced by the miserable substitutes for nourishment that she had had to put up with ; and at last in April the husband and his two other children with difficulty dragged themselves to the nearest relief centre. There their necessities were relieved, and they gradually recovered their strength, and lived. But for what ?—to be houseless, homeless, and the bondsmen of the usurer. This was by no means a singular case. And in every famine the results must be much the same—a long struggle against fate, in which the weak in large numbers succumb.

One striking episode in an Indian famine is the readiness with which the afflicted snatch every opportunity to help themselves. This was singularly exemplified in this famine of 1869. Throughout most of the fields in these parts there springs up, in the beginning of the rainy season, a weed known by the local name of Sama (*Panicum miliaceum*). It bears an ear like rice, full of grain. The crop of this in 1869 was peculiarly abundant. It was the first grain to come into ear, and as it ripened our relief camp and works were deserted. The people spread themselves over the surrounding country to collect the Sama, and never returned : in one week's time the numbers fell from (speaking from memory) 8000 to 400.

The rains that year were fortunately very favourable, the crops were everywhere abundant, the poorer classes found plenty of employment in weeding and other agricultural pursuits, and the necessity for relief measures came to an abrupt conclusion. This was the case where the famine only lasted one season. How terrible the sufferings of the people would have been had it continued another year, it is awful to think, even though, most fortunately, the famine was local and confined to certain comparatively small areas, through which in dry weather communication was not difficult. As it was, it taxed the resources of the district very heavily ; and its effects are still visible through all that part of the country where its ravages were most felt. There the villages are backward, the people poor—much ground is still waste, and the value of proprietary rights in land fifty per cent. less than similar land in other parts where the famine did not reach, while the burden of debt still weighs heavily. One bright spot in all this misery was the liberality with which members of all creeds and colours came forward to assist. The Government gave freely, Europeans were very charitable ; but they are few in number, and their means quite inadequate to meet the heavy demand—some of the wealthy natives behaved splendidly. Jubbulpore is a large city of between 50,000 and 60,000 inhabitants. Among these there are of course many miserably poor, whom the famine had brought to the verge of starvation : added to this there was a continual stream of more than half-starving emigrants constantly pouring through the town on their way southward in search of bread and employment. To look after these poor people was alone no small task—but it was undertaken by four of the

well-to-do native residents, one of them a widow lady. These four charitable people used to see that everyone of the hungry and destitute received a daily meal. For a long time they managed the distribution entirely themselves, but eventually their difficulties became so great through the crowds of beggars that this gratuitous supply of food used to collect, that they asked the district officials to take the matter in hand, they supplying as much food as was required. The distribution was no easy task, for there were many professional and religious mendicants, whose sole endeavour was to obtain more than their proper share either by fair means or foul, often by robbing their weaker brethren. Besides this charity on so large a scale, very large sums were contributed to the general relief fund—people of all creeds and classes, Europeans and natives, all gave, and gave liberally; and nothing but this charity, aided by Government, saved us from a great disaster. The deserted children, where no relations could be traced, or where the relations could not afford to keep them, were made over to the Orphanage of the Church Missionary Society ; Government making itself responsible for a monthly payment to cover the cost of their food. At one time the number of these waifs and strays was large, but in spite of all that was done to save them, the mortality among them was great; while of those that survived some few ran away when the famine ceased, and went back to the villages where they originally lived—some perhaps to find their parents returned from exile, others to live on the charity of their neighbours. It would seem as if misfortune had hardly yet done with these poor waifs, for even this last year cholera broke out in the Orphanage among them, and carried off nearly half their number, although they were as well if not better cared for than they would have been with their parents in villages.

It was curious to watch how misfortune after misfortune followed the unfortunate inmates of our relief camps, and not only them, but those villagers who had been able to hold out in their own villages. In 1869 the coming of the monsoon was watched with the most intense anxiety: in Jubbulpore it burst in full force on June 29; in the north of the district, where the worst of the distress was, it held off for some days longer. Though only fifty-six miles to the north, not a drop of rain fell in Murwarra until July 12: the heat was intense, the whole country was covered with a dull yellow haze that hung over it like a pall. To go by rail from Jubbulpore, where everything was refreshed by the welcome showers of rain, to Murwarra, where this intense and oppressive heat still clung to the country, and made the people more depressed than ever, was one of the most painful experiences of my life. At last on July 12, the rain commenced, and before eight A.M. the next morning thirteen inches fell: the whole country was a swamp; our relief camps were flooded. The inmates of the huts, which had not been built for a terrible fall of this description, were drenched; and yet with it all they were cheerful. They had lost the feeling that God had deserted them; and though they suffered from cold and wet, they knew that they were saved

from what they most dreaded—another year's drought. But there was still another calamity to come upon them. The rainfall was so unusually heavy that in one night the roads were turned into sloughs of despond. The cattle, weak from long fasting and an absence of proper food, fell down in numbers, and were suffocated in the mud. The morning after this heavy fall I saw more than forty head of cattle dead in one village. Again the cultivators were in despair, seeing their plough bullocks dying one after another, and knowing they had no means to buy others. They had been kept alive with the greatest difficulty and only by constant care, and now they were being destroyed in hundreds. They had looked to these few remaining cattle to till their fields, and enable them to raise the crops promised by the rain; and now these hopes were blasted. Fortunately, Government again came forward with liberal aid; timely advances to the cultivators enabled them to obtain a fresh supply of plough cattle, and get in their crops in due season; this season was very favourable, and the harvest a heavy one, so that the famine may be said to have ceased with the sowing of the crops.

It was merely through the area of the famine being confined to such comparatively narrow limits, and to the fact of its only lasting a year, that so much could be done both to save life, and to assist the sufferers to recover after the ordeal they had to pass through. What, therefore, must now be the sufferings of the people of the Madras Presidency, where famine has been raging for nearly a year over the larger part of the country, and where it is feared that there is nothing but a second year of famine to look forward to, with all its horrors magnified, owing to a scanty crop being threatened in various other parts of India as well? Up to this most of the other provinces have been able to send of their abundance to Madras and Bombay; if their supply for home consumption runs short, the country will be in terrible straits, and the resources of Government, large as they are, will be taxed to their utmost limit.

For all this past year Government has been helping the people in the famine districts through their difficulties at an enormous expense, and, doubtless, will continue to do so at any cost; but the strain on all concerned must be terrible.

We can only hope that the seasons may yet change, and that thus a part at any rate of this grievous suffering may be averted; it is, however, so late in the year that there seems to be but little room for such hope. In that case India will require not only all the sympathy, but all the help England can give.

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## The Environs of London.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY has pointed out with his accustomed felicity the connection between topography and patriotism; and no doubt the love we feel for places endeared to us by personal and historical memories, by associations that stir the imagination and warm the heart, is one of the strongest feelings of which the mind is capable. It is easy to be a cosmopolitan in theory and to profess a general regard for mankind, but the love of the race finds its first and truest expression in the love of country; and if a man prove his breadth of culture and large-heartedness by an interest in all that concerns humanity, this expansiveness of feeling is generally associated with a strong local affection and warm personal attachments.

It is easier to love a village than a town, a town than a province, and it may be asked whether it is possible to feel enthusiasm for a city so vast as London, with a population greater than that of Scotland, and an area equal to more than a hundred and twenty square miles! The size of London overwhelms us, the statistics that relate to it are difficult to grasp, and the different worlds that compose this great wen, as it was termed by Cobbett, while moving near to each other are yet utterly apart. This diversity of interests, however, is not unfavourable to the local attachment of which we are writing, for in London every man can find a centre and a home; and while it is possible even in London to walk in narrow ways, it is possible also to enjoy, as they can be enjoyed nowhere else, not only the pleasures that belong especially to wealth and rank, but those higher delights which are open to all who can appreciate refinement and culture. Some men of high intellect—Heine and Southey, for example—have appeared to despise London, and it is easy to understand why a poet like Wordsworth preferred Ambleside to Pall Mall; but the verdict of our greatest poets and men of letters, as well as of men engaged in practical affairs, will agree in the main with that of Dr. Johnson, who exclaimed that he who is tired of London is tired of life, since there is in London all that life can afford.

Londoners during the last century had the country lying at their feet: the streets were not far removed from the fields; but if they ventured a few miles only from the common haunts of the citizens, the risk of highway robbery destroyed the charms of travel. In the vicinity of Hyde Park such robberies were frequent. The fields that led from Long Acre to Marylebone were patrolled nightly by gentlemen of the pad. Lincoln's Inn Fields, according to Gay, could not be crossed with-

out peril; on a dark night it was unsafe to travel from Islington to the city; and such rural spots as Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, and Wimbledon were notorious resorts of highwaymen. What Charles Lamb calls the "sweet security of streets" was unknown in those days; and readers of the *Spectator* will remember the fear expressed by Sir Roger de Coverley lest he should fall into the hands of the Mohocks while walking through Fleet Street, and how, on going to the play at four o'clock in the afternoon, he was accompanied by several servants who had provided themselves with "good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion."

But what are our London suburbs, and how far do they extend? At the beginning of this century, when the Rev. Daniel Lysons published in five quarto volumes his laborious work entitled the *Environs of London* he confined his topographical rambles within twelve miles of the capital Mr. Thorne in his admirable *Handbook to the Environs of London*, published last year by Mr. Murray, takes a wider range, and gives an account of every town and village, and of all places of interest within a circle of twenty miles, and of several important places lying a few miles beyond that boundary. Thanks, however, to the railway, the suburbs of London may be said to extend far beyond these limits, and to include every spot that is brought within an easy distance of the metropolis, and which the man whose daily vocation is in London may select as a residence. Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings are our sea-side suburbs, and can be reached in a shorter time than is required to pass from the extreme west of London to the extreme east. Tunbridge Wells, which is beyond the range selected by Mr. Thorne, has become the home of city merchants and professional men, who go every day with as much ease, apparently, to their counting-houses and offices as their fathers did when residing at Brixton, Islington, or Hackney. It has been said, and probably with truth, that a long railway journey daily is not conducive to health, and no doubt there is frequently an excitement about it which affects the brain and heart; but happily the loveliest scenery of our London environs, and some of the greatest pleasures of country life, can be enjoyed by city men without this danger; while those whose occupation demands attention three or four times only in the week, may reside at Hayward's Heath, Windsor, or Dorking, and even further still from London, without risk or inconvenience.

The suburban tourist should possess a little of the Bohemian temperament, must have leisure to wander where he pleases, and think it no great hardship if he have to take long and solitary walks and to make his mid-day meal at a wayside inn; for, in spite of enclosures, Acts of Parliament, and the civilisation of railways, there are still—and long may they exist—wide tracts of moorland and heather, of wood and down, that may be traversed by the pedestrian with nothing to remind him that he is still within an easy journey of the great city, until perhaps from some furze-covered height he catches a glimpse of the Westminster towers and of St.

Paul's Cathedral. The tourist's earliest walks, however, should be in the immediate vicinity of London. Suppose, for instance, after reading Mr. Howitt's interesting volume, he assays the Northern Heights. Hampstead and Highgate, although injured, like all the near suburbs of London, by the execrable efforts of builders to erect cheap and pretentious villas, still retain enough points of interest and beauty to attract an intelligent tourist. Hampstead Heath, which has run many risks of ruin and spoliation, is now happily in safe keeping, and under the fostering care or judicious neglect of the Board of Works, "the bare sands"—we quote Mr. Thorne's words—"are becoming clothed with verdure; the banks are purple with heather, the harebell is once more becoming common, the furze and broom have spread vigorously and bloomed abundantly, and the brake is everywhere fresh and flourishing."

The Heath, which is 443 feet above the sea-level, has always been, and deserves to be, the pride of Londoners, for from no other height round the metropolis is there so varied and extensive a view to be obtained. And it abounds with literary and other memories. In the last century a certain Dr. Gibbons, celebrated in Garth's *Dispensary* for despatching his patients instead of curing them, recommended the chalybeate wells on the Heath, and for a time Hampstead became one of the most fashionable watering-places in the kingdom. Fairs, concerts, balls, and races were held there, Fleet marriages were celebrated, and the lovely Heath became a scene of general dissipation. Those who are conversant with the literature of the last century will recall a number of allusions to the Heath and to the wells. The Upper Flask was the summer resort of the Kit-Cat Club, but it will be better remembered as the house at which Clarissa Harlowe slighted when escaping from Lovelace. The novelists of those days were fond of Hampstead, and so were the poets. Gay was sent to the Heath by Arbuthnot, who at a later period went thither to recover his own health; Akenside, a physician as well as poet, tried to gain a practice there; and there in 1748 Johnson wrote *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. But its strongest poetical memories are connected with the early years of this century, when Crabbe rhymed "with a great deal of facility" for many successive springs at the house of Mr. Hoare, the banker, where Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers, and Campbell were invited to meet the venerable poet of "The Borough." There too might be seen Joanna Baillie, who with her sister Agnes lived in a pleasant house at Hampstead until the middle of this century. Leigh Hunt lived in the Vale of Health, and he too assembled under his roof a coterie of poets and men of letters whose names are for ever associated with this pleasant neighbourhood. Lord Houghton has told us that the winter spent by Keats at Hampstead, in the society of Hunt, was perhaps the happiest period of his life, and there, as Mr. Howitt reminds us, the finest of his poems were written; but there too, if the poet's judgment may be trusted, the first seeds of his fatal malady were sown. Pleasant must have been the rambles,

and high the discourse, when, with Hunt as companion and host, Shelley and Haydon, Hazlitt and Lamb, Keats and Procter, strolled over the Heath or met together at the cottage, which has now given place to a hideous hotel. Shelley would sometimes stay for days with his friend Hunt. "He delighted," we are told, "in the natural broken ground and in the fresh air of the place, especially when the wind set in from the north-west, which used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits."

Hampstead abounds, like most of our London suburbs, with interesting memories, and it would be easy to fill a page or more with the names of men illustrious in different walks of life who have made it their home. That artists, like poets and men of letters, have been peculiarly fond of the locality will be seen from the following passage which we extract from the Handbook:—

"Blake lodged at the farmhouse at the north end of the Heath, by the field path to Finchley—part of the time we believe as the guest of John Linnell, who had hired the house for the summer, as other landscape painters have done since. Collins lived first in a small house at North End, and afterwards in a larger one on the Heath. Constable, whose tomb records his having been 'many years an inhabitant of this parish,' lived and died at No. 5 (now No. 24) Well Walk, a few doors from the Wells Tavern. Sir William Beechey lived in the Upper Terrace. Wilkie came here by the advice of Dr. Baillie, with great benefit to his health. Stanfield resided many years at Greenhill. His house, on the right in going down the hill towards London, is now named *Stanfield House*."

The rambler about Hampstead will be also frequently reminded of men who have won their reputation as statesmen, orators, and lawyers. Erskine House, adjoining the Spaniards Tavern, will recall the famous memory of Lord Erskine; and it was in the adjoining grounds that Burke exclaimed, while gazing at the distant prospect over Caen Wood: "Ah, Erskine! this is just the place for a reformer; all the beauties are beyond your reach, you cannot destroy them." To Wildwood House at North End, known in former times as North End House, the Earl of Chatham retired at a great political crisis, smitten by an utter prostration of body and mind; and at Caen Wood, which lies between Hampstead and Highgate, lived and died Lord Mansfield, whose library was burnt by the Gordon rioters—a deed that called forth the indignant Muse of Cowper. Highgate, by the way, has fewer memories to boast of than Hampstead, but it is for ever associated with the name of Coleridge, who, after living there for nineteen years, and "looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the insanity of life's battle," lies with his wife, daughter, grandson, and other relatives, in the old burial ground.

But we have already lingered too long on these Northern Heights of London, and shall ask our imaginary tourist to spend another day, or

part of one, in rambling over the Commons of Chislehurst, Keston, and Hayes; a neighbourhood which, considering its close vicinity to the metropolis, is perhaps one of the pleasantest that could be selected for a summer day's excursion. Moreover, the walk need not be limited; and if the pedestrian select to take the road from Keston to Westerham—a little town lying "at the foot of the chalk downs near the source of the Darent, where Kent and Surrey meet, and in the midst of scenery which is charmingly characteristic of both counties"—he will be amply repaid for his toil. The "lion" of Chislehurst is Camden Place, where Mrs. Somerville's friends the Bonars were murdered, and which, it is scarcely necessary to say, was the retreat selected for his English home by the ex-Emperor Napoleon. At Hayes Lord Chatham died, and there his son William Pitt was born; and at Holwood Park on Keston Common, which adjoins Hayes Common, the younger Pitt lived until he was forced to leave the lovely spot by pecuniary embarrassments. He took great delight in this residence, and the late Earl Stanhope writes that he has "often seen him working in his woods and gardens with his labourers for whole days together . . . with so much eagerness and assiduity that you would suppose the cultivation of his villa to be the principal occupation of his life." There is a public way through the Park; and not far from the stile by which it is entered, after passing some noble trees, you reach one of vast size close to which Earl Stanhope has erected a tablet with the following words extracted from Wilberforce's diary:—

"At length, I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the Vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice on a fit occasion in the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the Abolition of the Slave Trade."

And now, taking the privilege of a rambler, let us pass to the shores of the Thames; not to linger on them—for a long essay would be needed to do justice to the scenery and memorials of the river—but in order to remind the reader and tourist what a wealth of recollections belongs to it, and what lovely rural spots nestle on its banks within a few miles of Westminster. Sir Walter Scott, a good judge of scenery, has expressed his opinion that in the view from Richmond Hill the beauty of English landscape is displayed in its utmost luxuriance. On that hill, as our readers will remember the Duke of Argyle paused for a moment with Jeanie Deans before leading that sonsie Scotchwoman into the presence of Queen Caroline; and they will recollect, too, how, in reply to the Duke's remark, "This is a fine scene, we have nothing like it in Scotland," Jeanie observed, "It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here; but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thas muckle trees."

Jeanie Deans very naturally made a mistake, which is less excusable

and but too common in persons of far higher culture, the mistake, we mean, of measuring one landscape by another, as if each had not a special beauty of its own. The simplest rural picture possesses a charm and may prove a joy if we look at it and learn to love it for its own sake, without comparing it with something which we conceive to be more beautiful. Nature rejoices her children in a variety of ways, and speaks to them with many voices; but if we refuse her messages of peace because they come to us from the river or meadow instead of from the snow-covered mountain and the roaring torrent, if we despise the wood because it is not a forest, the lake because it is not a sea, and the lovely wild-flowers of England because the tropics can boast larger blossoms and brighter colours,—we miss the lesson we might learn, and reject the delight which belongs to us by birthright. The peculiar charm of the peaceful view from Richmond Hill will delight everyone with an eye for natural beauty, and there is enough of interest in the neighbourhood of Richmond to make it worth the tourist's while to spend more than one day in the neighbourhood. The prospect from the hill, we may observe, is by no means so extensive as when the poet Thomson attempted to describe the "boundless landscape." Houses and trees have alike contributed to limit the prospect; but the river with its willowy shores can never be concealed, and it may be doubted whether the limitation of the landscape has injured its beauty. In the park, too—within which is the home of a venerable statesman—the view is far more circumscribed than in the last century; but views of great extent are still to be obtained from it, and its vast size, its noble trees, and the lovely walks with which it abounds, render this a favourite resort of London citizens, though it has not what one may term the cockney popularity of Greenwich. Sir Joshua Reynolds had a house upon Richmond Hill where he gave dinner parties in summer; but, like Johnson, he preferred London to the country, and was always glad to return to Leicester Square. With one or two great exceptions neither artists nor poets seem to have loved this spot as they love Hampstead. No great painter, we believe, has made it a permanent home, and few poets have lived or sung here. Thomson's house, a small cottage, was enclosed as it were in a much larger house; and for many years the relics of the poet were piously preserved. "Of late," Mr. Thorne writes, "the ground has been curtailed, and small houses built on the portion cut off; the summer-house has been removed from its original place, whilst the house itself has been turned into an infirmary: altogether, the admirer of Thomson had better leave Rosedale House unvisited." We quote these words because the advice contained in them may be also given to tourists who inquire about Pope's famous villa, grounds, and grotto at Twickenham. There, too, the sacrilege has been complete; the poet's house no longer exists, and the remains of the once famous grotto—which forms a tunnel under the high road—are not worth seeing. Twickenham con-

tains many spots of peaceful beauty where, on a hot summer's day, one may enjoy the Lotus-eater's pleasure—

Leaving the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream.

But its fame is principally due to Pope and, in a lesser degree, to Horace Walpole, whose Strawberry Hill, renowned in literary gossip, stands on an eminence above the village. In the days before railways Twickenham, like Richmond, was a great resort of the nobility and of people of fashion; and in the present century it will be remembered that the Duc d'Orléans, afterwards Louis Philippe, and his brothers found a refuge there, and that thither, when forced to fly from his kingdom, the ex-King returned. Indeed, the associations connected with Twickenham are numerous, and the cheerful, quaint-looking town deserves more from the tourist than a hasty survey. Of Hampton Court, which lies further up the river, nothing need be said; for, like Kew Gardens, the Court is a London show-place. Both are charming in their way, and both are among the pleasantest resorts open to the London populace. Let us pass on for a moment to Chertsey, to remind the reader that this rural-looking river-side town is not without some notable memories. Chertsey was at one time famous for its abbey, and at a later period for its poet; for here Cowley lived for three years, and when he died it is said that his body was conveyed with great state down the river to be buried in Westminster Abbey. How famous this poet was in his own day is known to all students of our literary history, and why he has lost his reputation will be evident to anyone who reads his poems. Like some poets of a later date, he preferred extravagance to simplicity, barren quibbles to nature, and in spite of unquestionable genius was content to become the poet of a coterie and to write in a scholastic jargon. St. Anne's Hill, famous as having been the residence of Charles James Fox, is within a short walk of Chertsey; and from this hill, which is free to the public, one of those extensive views is to be obtained which form a marked feature of our suburban scenery. The advantages we possess in this respect are enjoyed by few capitals in Europe. Fox, says Earl Russell, loved the place with a passionate fondness; and we have glimpses of him at St. Anne's, pursuing his historical researches, playing with boys at trap-ball, and sitting on a haycock reading novels. It is but fair to add, however, that the latter is a fancy picture. From St. Anne's Hill you see Cooper's Hill, of which Denham sung the praises, and at the foot of which lies the far-famed meadow of Runnymede. The view is very similar from the two summits, but each has special glimpses, and both should be familiar to Londoners.

Chertsey is rather more than twenty miles from the Metropolis, and this fact reminds us that our fitful wanderings have carried us beyond the immediate suburbs of the great city. So much there is to attract us in all directions, so many spots which claim regard from their intrinsic

loveliness, or from the associations to which they are linked, that the stranger who resolves to explore the things of fame and beauty, within an hour's railway journey of London, will find it difficult even with Mr. Thorne's assistance to select the choicest routes. Sometimes the reputation of a place will allure him, sometimes its scenery ; and of course the highest pleasure is to be gained on visiting a neighbourhood which is alike beautiful and famous. Many of the loveliest rural scenes are to be found in the neighbourhood of the Thames, and that famous river, which is as dear to England as the Tiber was to Rome, has also spots which, like Windsor and Oxford, occupy a prominent place in the history of the country. The university city lies beyond the circle of London environs, and forms in itself a centre from which sites of almost unequalled interest may readily be visited ; but Windsor, with its royal castle and incomparable park scenery ; Virginia Water, "a delightful place for a summer holiday ;" Eton, the most aristocratic of our public schools, and Datchet, immortalised by Shakespeare, and beloved by the "prince of anglers," are all readily accessible to the excursionist from London.

After enjoying the soft beauty and luxuriant foliage of this charming neighbourhood, he may change the character of the scenery by taking the train or coach from London (for the merry coach days are coming back again) to Boxhill and Dorking, or he may alight at Epsom, once as famous for its wells and the visitors that flocked to them, as it now is for its races, and from thence walk over the high and breezy Downs to Mickleham, a retired village nestling in the vale, and the scene of some interesting memories. On the opposite hill, Norbury Park, a spot of rare beauty, and memorable for its grove of yew trees, whose age is reckoned by centuries, has also a place in literature, for there in the last century lived William Lock, "the Mæcenas of English Literature and Art," the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Fuseli, and Fanny Burney. Whether Dr. Johnson was ever at Norbury we do not know, but he wrote of Lock as an "ingenious critic," and no doubt was pleased that his "sweet Fanny" should possess so good a friend. At Lock's table Miss Burney met M. d'Arblay, at Mickleham Church she was married, and the novelist's munificent friend built the couple a cottage in the neighbourhood.

M. d'Arblay was a French exile ; and as the pedestrian passes along the road from Mickleham to Boxhill, he will see on his left hand Juniper Hall, where Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and other exiles, as well as M. d'Arblay, found a refuge from the storms of the Revolution. The walk is a delightful one, and on reaching Burford Bridge, the steep slant of Boxhill, and the Mole, a river celebrated by six poets, winding at its feet, will gladden the eye of the wanderer. The hill is known to every London excursionist ; so let us pass on to Dorking, having on our left the lovely park of Betchworth, famous for its Spanish chestnuts, on the right a beautiful valley with the fine hill and goodly plantations of Denbies rising beyond it, and in front of us the town of Dorking, with the

estate of Deepdene, remarkable for the beauty of its grounds—in which, by the way, Lord Beaconsfield is said to have written *Coningsby*—for its sculpture gallery, and for many literary associations. Dorking, noted for its fowls, but much more for the varied scenery of the neighbourhood, might well detain the pedestrian for some days. There are hills to be climbed, parks and woods to be explored, shady lanes with lofty sand-banks and over-arching trees with openings here and there on the distant country, commons heather-covered like Abinger, and heights like Holmbury or the far-famed Leith Hill, bright with gorse and heather,—to allure the traveller's footsteps. No hasty tourist can appreciate the wealth of Dorking scenery, for it does not consist in a few broad pictures, but in an infinite variety of charms, many of which will escape the careless glance of the excursionist. Delightful is the walk along the high ground of Ranmore Common to Guildford, returning through Albury, Shere and Gomshall—rural hamlets nestled in a valley which has not its equal within a similar distance from London. Here, according to a flowery writer, not mentioned, we believe, by Mr. Thorne,\* “you may stride the rugged brow, or saunter on its health-breathing summit; you may recline in the sheltered coppice, or stroll along the margin of the rippling rivulet.” The old-fashioned guide-book flavour of this passage reminds us of the days before “Murray”; but the assertion thus oddly made is not an exaggeration, and we will venture to add that the eight or ten miles between Albury and Dorking deserve all the praise that can be bestowed on the loveliest scenery in Surrey.

Pursuing the route we have pointed out, the pedestrian soon approaches the Wotton Woods, and the estate that was the property two centuries ago of the celebrated John Evelyn. Here several roads or paths tempt the traveller to leave the main track, and well will he be repaid for the trouble of the *détour*. There is a pretty road through the beech woods of Wotton to the pine woods of Abinger Common (the scene of many of Mr. Redgrave's landscapes); but there is also a footpath and bridle-track leading near the house, and through the wood rising behind it, until the common is reached, and the tower on Leith Hill invites the traveller to a view of twelve or thirteen counties. After feasting his mind and eye upon a prospect which Pope's irascible critic, John Dennis, compares favourably with some of the finest prospects he had seen in Italy, he can take the direct road to Dorking by Coldharbour, or a longer, lovelier, and more intricate route, which will bring him into the grounds of the Rookery, and so passing in front of the house, once the residence of “Population Malthus,” he will once more enter the Guildford and Dorking road. This rough indication of an excursion that can be made on foot or horseback, or by certain deviations, and with some loss of beauty, in a carriage, may serve the purpose of a direction-post to the tourist who

\* “Picturesque Rides and Walks, with Excursions by Water, Thirty Miles round the British Metropolis.” By J. Hassell, 2 vols. London, 1818.

wishes to spend one or two summer days in this charming neighbourhood. Dorking is by road about twenty-three miles from London, and the spots we have mentioned lie within about thirty miles of the Metropolis, and may therefore be included in the environs.

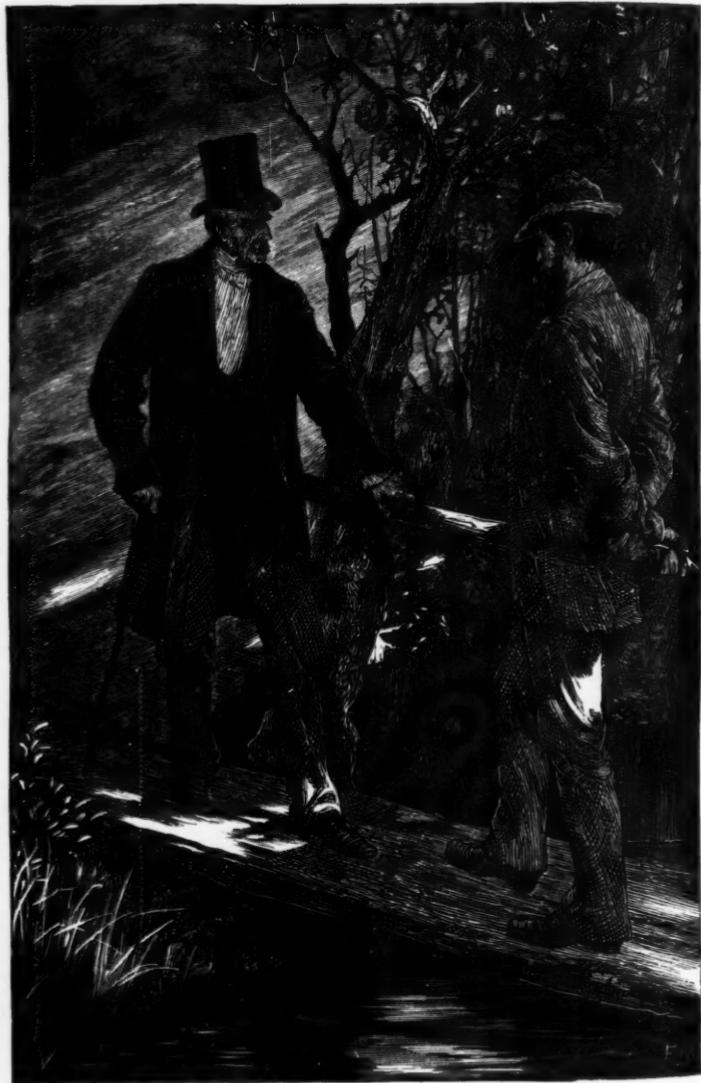
Other places occur to us within a similar distance—Tunbridge Wells, for example—that rival the scenery of Dorking; but neither the space at our command, nor the purpose of this paper, will allow us to undertake the office of the guide-writer. Beauty of prospect is far from being the sole allurement to the rambler round London. If he have read history, if he be a lover of literature, if he have a fancy for antiquities and architecture, the resources open to him will not readily be exhausted. Recollections crowd upon us as we write. We turn to Herts, and are reminded of Cassiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex, as famous now as it was a century and a half ago for its magnificent gardens ; of Hatfield House, "perhaps the most majestic of the Jacobean mansions which have come down to us virtually unaltered ;" of St. Albans, "the most interesting place"—we are quoting Mr. Thorne's judgment—"for its historical associations and antiquarian remains within the like distance of London ;" of Panshanger, renowned for its pictures and park, and for many magnificent trees, among which the colossal and far-spreading "Panshanger Oak" stands pre-eminent ; and of Gorhambury, where in the mansion built a century ago, and in the ruins of the ancient house there is still much to recall the memory of Lord Bacon. We turn to Bucks, and revisit, under Mr. Thorne's guidance, the churchyard immortalised by Gray in his Elegy ; Burnham Beeches, under which the poet delighted to sit reading his Virgil and Horace ; and the village of Chalfont, where Milton sought a refuge from the plague, where in a cottage still standing he finished *Paradise Lost*, and commenced *Paradise Regained*, and where in a homely Friends' burial-ground lie the remains of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. And we remember, too, that fifty miles from London, in the extreme north of the county, is Cowper's town of Olney, a spot as well known as any poet's haunt in England, but too far off, perhaps, to be included in the spacious circle allotted to London environs. We turn then to Kent—"famous Kent," as Drayton terms it—which for beauty of scenery may vie with Surrey, and for historical reminiscences surpasses any county in England. What though many of its most interesting sites are beyond our limits, enough remains that will be found readily accessible to the London tourist. There is Knole, for example, an ancient and venerable seat standing in a noble park, accessible—which at present the house is not—to the public ; there are Rochester and Chatham, both of them places of renown ; Cobham Hall, famous for its pictures and for three centuries of memories ; and Gad's Hill, which should be visited for the sake of Falstaff and Charles Dickens. We turn to Essex, which is generally a flat county, and in some directions, if the truth must be told, dull ; but Essex, too, has many points of interest to Londoners who are familiar with the remnants of its ancient forest,

although they can no longer, as in the beginning of the century, "travel from Hadley Church through Enfield Chase, Epping and Hainault Forests, to Wanstead without ever leaving the green turf or losing sight of forest land;" with Waltham Abbey, the probable burial-place of Harold; and with Brentwood, which stands in the centre of some of the prettiest Essex scenery. We turn to Sussex, famous for its scenery of wood and down, and remember with delight the lovely neighbourhoods of Cuckfield and Uckfield, of Balcombe and East Grinstead; the noble position of Lewes, a name which for six centuries has carried with it the memories of a great battle, and the breezy walk known to all Lewesian citizens from Cliffe Hill to Mount Caburn, from whence "the archaeologist may reconstruct for himself the whole panorama of ancient Sussex." We remember too many a delightful spot and many an historical site which, like the neighbourhoods of Midhurst and Petworth, of Arundel and Fairlight, cannot justly be classed among London environs, but are readily accessible to London excursionists. And we turn to Middlesex, a little county which the Great City threatens to absorb, and think directly of the famous Northern Heights, already mentioned; of Harrow-on-the-Hill, a spot dear to many generations of Englishmen; of Canons, albeit the famous "Simon's Villa," in accordance with Pope's prophecy, no longer exists; of Dawley, where Bolingbroke welcomed in rural style the wits of the day and imagined that he had ceased to care for ambition and for politics; of Uxbridge, where Queen Mary burnt several heretics, and where Charles I. signed the famous treaty that was never executed; of Fulham Palace, with its great memories and charming grounds; and of Fulham itself, the home of several eighteenth century celebrities, and, among others, of Richardson, who wrote his novels at North End, and died at Parson's Green.

It would be easy to add to these recollections of places memorable for noble deeds and noble words, for things famous in history and in literature, and for lovely scenery, the joy of poet and artist, and of all who are capable of feeling the soothing, satisfying influences of nature. London, even from the artist's standing-point, and despite greedy builders and greedy railway companies, is far from being a thing of ugliness, and may some day be as remarkable for beauty as for size; but London environs, despite the aggression of evil influences, are worthy of a land which is as dear to us for the natural loveliness which allures and delights the eye as for the memorials which give to every town—we had almost said to every hamlet—a history and a fame. After the brief survey we have taken, it is impossible not to respond to the wise saying of Thomas Fuller, a saying little regarded in these days of foreign travel, that it behoves a man to know his own country well before he passes over the threshold. It is to be feared, however, that England is traversed with greater zest and reverence by Americans than by Englishmen, and that Mr. Thorne's suggestive and accurate volume will be more zealously studied by them than by his own countrymen.

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"IF YOU WANT TO ROB ME, TRY IT."

—**Erema : or, My Father's Sin.**

## **Gretna ; or, My Father's Sin.**



Neither the will nor the letter contained any reference to my grandfather, or the possibility of an adverse claim. I could not, however, be quit of deep uneasiness and anxiety, but staunchly determined that every acre should vanish in folds of "the long robe," rather than pass to a crafty villain who had robbed me of all my kindred. My hatred of that

man deepened vastly, as he became less abstract; while my terror decreased in proportion. I began to think that, instead of being the reckless fiend I had taken him for, he was only a low, plotting, cold-blooded rogue, without even courage to save him. By this time he must have heard all about me, my pursuit of him, and my presence here—then why not come and shoot me, just as he shot my grandfather?

The idea of this was unwelcome; still I felt no sort of gratitude, but rather a lofty contempt towards him, for not having spirit to try it. In Shoxford churchyard he had expressed (if Sexton Rigg was not then deceived) an unholy wish to have me there, at the feet of my brothers and sisters. Also he had tried to get hold of me—doubtless, with a view to my quietude—when I was too young to defend myself, and left at haphazard in a lawless land. What was the reason, if his mind was still the same, for ceasing to follow me now? Was I to be treated with contempt as one who had tried her best and could do nothing; as a feeble creature whose movements were not even worth enquiry? Anger at such an idea began to supersede fear, as my spirits returned.

Meanwhile Major Hockin was making no sign as to what had befallen him in Paris, or what Cosmopolitan Jack was about. But, strangely enough, he had sent me a letter from Bruntsea instead of Paris, and addressed in grand style to no less a person than "The right honourable Baroness Castlewood"—a title which I had resolved, for the present, neither to claim nor acknowledge. In that letter the Major mingled a pennyweight of condolence with more congratulation than the post could carry for the largest stamp yet invented. His habit of mind was to magnify things; and he magnified my small grandeur, and seemed to think nothing else worthy of mention.

Through love of the good kind cousin I had lost, even more than through common and comely respect towards the late head of the family, I felt it impossible to proceed, for the present, with any enquiries, but left the next move to the other side. And the other side made it, in a manner such as I never even dreamed of.

About three weeks after I became, in that sad way, the mistress, escaping one day from lawyers and agents, who held me in dreary interview, with long computations of this and of that, and formalities almost endless, I went, for a breath of good earnest fresh air, beyond precinct of garden or shrubbery. To me these seemed in mild weather to temper and humanise the wind too strictly, and take the wild spirit out of it; and now, for the turn of the moment, no wind could be too rough to tumble in. After long months of hard trouble, and worry, and fear, and sad shame, and deep sorrow, the natural spring of clear youth into air and freedom set me upward. For the nonce, there was nothing upon my selfish self to keep it downward; troubles were bubbles, and grief a low thief, and reason almost treason. I drank the fine fountain of air unsullied, and the golden light stamped with the royalty of sun.

Hilarious moments are but short, and soon cold sense comes back again. Already I began to feel ashamed of young life's selfish outburst, and the vehement spring of mere bodily health. On this account I sat down sadly in a little cove of hill, whereto the soft breeze from the river came up, with a tone of wavelets, and a sprightly water-gleam. And here in fern, and yellow grass, and tufted bights of bottom-growth, the wind made entry for the sun, and they played with one another.

Resting here, and thinking, with my face between my hands, I wondered what would be the end. Nothing seemed secure, or certain, nothing even steady, or amenable to foresight. Even guess-work, or the wider cast of dreams was always wrong. To-day the hills, and valleys, and the glorious woods of wreathen gold, bright garnet, and deep amethyst, even that blue river yet unvexed by autumn's turbulence, and bordered with green pasture of a thousand sheep and cattle—to-day they all were mine (so far as mortal can hold ownership)—to-morrow, not a stick, or twig, or blade of grass, or fallen leaf, but might call me a trespasser. To see them while they still were mine, and to regard them humbly, I rose and took my black hat off—a black hat trimmed with mourning grey. Then turning round I met a gaze, the wildest, darkest, and most awful ever fixed on human face.

"Who are you? What do you want here?" I faltered forth, while shrinking back for flight, yet dreading, or unable, to withdraw my gaze from his. The hollow ground barred all escape; my own land was a pit for me; and I must face this horror out. Here afar from house or refuge, hand of help, or eye of witness, front to front I must encounter this atrocious murderer.

For moments, which were ages to me, he stood there without a word; and daring not to take my eyes from his, lest he should leap at me, I had no power (except of instinct) and could form no thought of him; for mortal fear fell over me. If he would only speak, would only move his lips, or anything!

"The Baroness is not brave," he said at last, as if reproachfully; "but she need have no fear now of me. Does her ladyship happen to know who I am?"

"The man who murdered my grandfather."

"Yes; if you put a false colour on events. The man who punished a miscreant, according to the truer light. But I am not here to argue points. I intend to propose a bargain. Once for all, I will not harm you. Try to listen calmly. Your father behaved like a man to me, and I will be no worse to you. The state of the law in this country is such that I am forced to carry fire-arms. Will it conduce to your peace of mind if I place myself at your mercy?"

I tried to answer; but my heart was beating so that no voice came, only a flutter in my trembling throat. Wrath with myself for want of courage wrestled in vain with pale, abject fear. The hand which offered

me the pistol seemed to my dazed eyes crimson still with the blood of my grandfather.

" You will not take it? Very well; it lies here at your service. If your father's daughter likes to shoot me, from one point of view it will be just; and but for one reason, I care not. Don't look at me with pity, if you please. For what I have done I feel no remorse, no shadow of repentance. It was the best action of my life. But time will fail, unless you call upon your courage speedily. None of your family lack that; and I know that you possess it. Call your spirit up, my dear."

" Oh, please not to call me that! How dare you call me that?"

" That is right. I did it on purpose. And yet I am your uncle. Not by the laws of men; but by the laws of God—if there are such things. Now, have you the strength to hear me?"

" Yes; I am quite recovered now. I can follow every word you say. But—but, I must sit down again."

" Certainly. Sit there, and I will stand. I will not touch or come nearer to you than a story such as mine requires. You know your own side of it—now hear mine.

" More than fifty years ago, there was a brave young nobleman, handsome, rich, accomplished, strong, not given to drink or gambling, or any fashionable vices. His faults were few, and chiefly three—he had a headstrong will, loved money, and possessed no heart at all. With chances in his favour, this man might have done as most men do who have such gifts from fortune. But he happened to meet with a maiden far beneath him in this noble world; and he set his affections—such as they were—upon that poor young damsel.

" This was Winifred Hoyle, the daughter of Thomas Hoyle, a farmer, in a lonely part of Hampshire, and among the moors of Rambledon. The nobleman lost his way, while fishing, and, being thirsty, went to ask for milk. What matter how it came about? He managed to win her heart before she heard of his wealth and title. He persuaded her even to come and meet him, in the valley far from her father's house, where he was wont to angle; and there, on a lonely wooden bridge across a little river, he knelt down (as men used to do) and pledged his solemn truth to her. His solemn lie—his solemn lie!

" Such love as his could not overleap the bars of rank or the pale of wealth—are you listening to me carefully?—or, at any rate, not both of them. If the poor farmer could only have given his Winifred 50,000*l.*, the peer would have dropped his pride perhaps, so far as to be honest. But farmers in that land are poor, and Mr. Hoyle could give his only child his blessing only. And this he did in London, where his simple mind was all abroad, and he knew not church from chapel. He took his daughter for the wife of a lord, and so she took herself, poor thing! when she was but his concubine. In 1809 such tricks were easily played by villains upon young girls so simple.

" But he gave her attestation and certificate under his own hand;

and her poor father signed it, and saw it secured in a costly case, and then went home as proud as need be for the father of a peer, but sworn to keep it three years secret, till the king should give consent. Such foul lies it was the pride of a lord to tell to a farmer.

" You do not exclaim—of course, you do not. The instincts of your race are in you, because you are legitimate. Those of the robbed side are in me, because I am of the robbed. I am your father's elder brother. Which is the worse, you proud young woman, the dastard or the bastard ? "

" You have wrongs, most bitter wrongs," I answered, meeting fierce eyes mildly ; " but you should remember that I am guiltless of those wrongs, and so was my father. And I think that if you talk of birth so, you must know that gentlemen speak quietly to ladies."

" What concern is that of mine ? A gentleman is some one's son. I am the son of nobody. But to you I will speak quietly, for the sake of your poor father. And you must listen quietly. I am not famous for sweet temper. Well, this great lord took his toy to Paris, where he had her at his mercy. She could not speak a word of French ; she did not know a single soul. In vain she prayed him to take her to his English home ; or, if not that, to restore her to her father. Not to be too long about it—any more than he was—a few months were enough for him. He found fault with her manners, with her speech, her dress, her everything—all which he had right, perhaps, to do, but should have used it earlier. And she, although not born to the noble privilege of weariness, had been an old man's darling, and could not put up with harshness. From words they came to worse ; until he struck her, told her of her shame, or rather his own infamy, and left her among strangers, helpless, penniless, and broken-hearted, to endure the consequence.

" There and thus I saw the light, beneath most noble auspices. But I need not go on with all that. As long as human rules remain, this happy tale will always be repeated with immense applause. My mother's love was turned to bitter hatred of his lordship, and, when her father died from grief, to eager thirst for vengeance. And for this purpose I was born.

" You see that—for a bastard—I have been fairly educated ; but not a farthing did his lordship ever pay for that, or even to support his casual. My grandfather Hoyle left his little all to his daughter Winifred ; and upon that, and my mother's toil and mine, we have kept alive. Losing sight of my mother gladly—for she was full of pride, and hoped no more to trouble him, after getting her father's property—he married again, or rather he married for the first time without perjury, which enables the man to escape from it. She was of his own rank—as you know—the daughter of an earl, and not of a farmer. It would not have been safe to mock her, would it ? And there was no temptation.

" The history of my mother and myself does not concern you. Such people are of no account, until they grow dangerous to the great. We

lived in cheap places and wandered about, caring for no one, and cared for by the same. Mrs. Hoyle and Thomas Hoyle, we called ourselves when we wanted names ; and I did not even know the story of our wrongs, till the heat and fury of youth were past. Both for her own sake, and mine, my mother concealed it from me. Pride and habit, perhaps, had dulled her just desire for vengeance ; and, knowing what I was, she feared—the thing which has befallen me. But when I was close upon thirty years old, and my mother eight-and-forty—for she was betrayed in her teens—a sudden illness seized her. Believing her death to be near, she told me, as calmly as possible, everything ; with all those large, quiet views of the past, which at such a time seem the regular thing, but make the wrong tenfold blacker. She did not die ; if she had, it might have been better both for her and me, and many other people. Are you tired of my tale ? Or do you want to hear the rest ?

" You cannot be asking me in earnest," I replied, while I watched his wild eyes carefully. " Tell me the rest, if you are not afraid."

" Afraid, indeed ! Then, for want of that proper tendance and comfort which a few pounds would have brought her, although she survived, she survived as a wreck, the mere relic and ruin of her poor unhappy self. I sank my pride for her sake, and even deigned to write to him, in rank and wealth so far above me, in everything else such a clot below my heel. He did the most arrogant thing a snob can do—he never answered my letter.

" I scraped together a little money, and made my way to England, and came to that house—which you now call yours—and bearded that noble nobleman—that father to be so proud of ! He was getting on now in years, and growing, perhaps, a little nervous ; and my first appearance scared him. He got no obeisance from me, you may be certain, but still I did not revile him. I told him of my mother's state of mind, and the great care she required, and demanded that in common justice, he, having brought her to this, should help her. But nothing would he promise, not a sixpence even, in the way of regular allowance. Anything of that sort could only be arranged by means of his solicitors. He had so expensive a son with a very large and growing family, that he could not be pledged to any yearly sum. But if I would take a draft for 100*l.*, and sign an acquittance in full of all claims, I might have it, upon proving my identity.

" What identity had I to prove ? He had taken good care of that. I turned my back on him, and left the house, without even asking for his curse, though as precious as a good man's blessing.

" It was a wild and windy night, but with a bright moon rising, and going across this park—or whatever it is called—I met my brother. At a crest of the road we met face to face, with the moon across our foreheads. We had never met till now, nor even heard of one another ; at least he had never heard of me. He started back as if at his own ghost ; but I had nothing to be startled at, in this world, or the other.

"I made his acquaintance, with deference of course; and we got on very well together. At one time it seemed good luck for him to have illegitimate kindred; for I saved his life, when he was tangled in the weeds of this river while bathing. You owe me no thanks. I thought twice about it, and if the name would have ended with him I would never have used my basket-knife. By trade, I am a basket-maker, like many another 'love-child.'

"However he was grateful, if ever anybody was, for I ran some risk in doing it; and he always did his very best for me, and encouraged me to visit him. Not at his home—of course that would never do—but when he was with his regiment. Short of money as he always was, through his father's nature and his own, which in some points were the very opposite, he was even desirous to give me some of that; but I never took a farthing from him. If I had it at all, I would have it from the proper one. And from him I resolved to have it.

"How terrified you look! I am coming to it now. Are you sure that you can bear it? It is nothing very harrowing—but still young ladies—"

"I feel a little faint," I could not help saying; "but that is nothing. I must hear the whole of it. Please to go on without minding me."

"For my own sake I will not, as well as for yours. I cannot have you fainting, and bringing people here. Go to the house and take food, and recover your strength, and then come here again. I promise to be here; and your father's daughter will not take advantage of my kindness."

Though his eyes were fierce (instead of being sad) and full of strange tempestuous light, they bore some likeness to my father's, and asserted power over me. Reluctant as I was, I obeyed this man, and left him there, and went slowly to the house, walking as if in a troubled dream.

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#### CHAPTER LII.

#### FOR LIFE, DEATH.

UPON my return, I saw nothing for a time but fans and feathers of browning fern, dark shags of ling, and podded spurs of broom and furze, and wisps of grass. With great relief (of which I felt ashamed while even breathing it) I thought that the man was afraid to tell the rest of his story, and had fled; but ere my cowardice had much time for self-congratulation, a tall figure rose from the ground, and fear compelled me into courage. For throughout this long interview, more and more I felt an extremely unpleasant conviction. That stranger might not be a downright madman, nor even what is called a lunatic; but still it was clear that upon certain points—the laws of this country, for instance, and the value of rank and station—his opinions were so outrageous that his reason must be affected. And, even without such proofs as these, his eyes and his manner were quite enough. Therefore, I had need of

no small caution, not only concerning my words and gestures, but as to my looks and even thoughts; for he seemed to divine these last as quickly as they flashed across me. I never had learned to conceal my thoughts; and this first lesson was an awkward one.

"I hope you are better," he said, as kindly as it was possible for him to speak. "Now have no fear of me, once more I tell you. I will not sham any admiration, affection, or anything of that kind; but as for harming you—why, your father was almost the only kind heart I ever met!"

"Then why did you send a most vile man to fetch me, when my father was dead in the desert?"

"I never did anything of the sort! It was done in my name, but not by me; I never even heard of it until long after, and I have a score to settle with the man who did it."

"But Mr. Goad told me himself that you came and said you were the true Lord Castlewood, and ordered him at once to America! I never saw truth more plainly stamped on a new situation—the face of a rogue—than I saw it then on the face of Mr. Goad."

"You are quite right; he spoke the truth—to the utmost of his knowledge. I never saw Goad, and he never saw me! I never even dreamed of pretending to the title. I was personated by a mean, low friend of Sir Montague Hockin; base-born as I am, I would never stoop to such a trick. You will find out the meaning of that by-and-by. I have taken the law into my own hands—it is the only way to work such laws—I have committed what is called a crime. But, compared with Sir Montague Hockin, I am whiter than yonder shearling on his way to the river for his evening drink."

I gazed at his face, and could well believe it. The setting sun shone upon his chin and forehead—good, resolute, well-marked features; his nose and mouth were keen and clear, his cheeks curt and pale (though they would have been better for being a trifle cleaner). There was nothing suggestive of falsehood or fraud, and but for the wildness of the eyes and flashes of cold ferocity, it might have been called a handsome face.

"Very well," he began again, with one of those jerks which had frightened me, "your father was kind to me, very kind indeed; but he knew the old lord too well to attempt to interpose on my behalf. On the other hand, he gave no warning of my manifest resolve; perhaps he thought it a woman's threat, and me no better than a woman! And partly for his sake, no doubt, though mainly for my mother's, I made the short work which I made; for he was horribly straitened—and in his free, light way he told me so—by his hard curmudgeon of a father.

"To that man, hopeless as he was, I gave fair grace however, and plenty of openings for repentance. None of them would he embrace, and he thought scorn of my lenity. And I might have gone on with such weakness longer, if I had not heard that his coach-and-four was ordered for the Moonstock Inn.

"That he should dare thus to pollute the spot where he had so for-

sworn himself! I resolved that there he should pay justice, either with his life or death. And I went to your father's place to tell him to prepare for disturbances; but he was gone to see his wife, and I simply borrowed a pistol.

"Now, you need not be at all afraid nor shrink away from me like that. I was bound upon stricter justice than any judge that sets forth on circuit; and I meant to give, and did give, what no judge affords to the guilty—the chance of leading a better life. I had brought my mother to England, and she was in a poor place in London; her mind was failing more and more, and reverting to her love-time, the one short happiness of her life. 'If I could but see him, if I could but see him, and show him his tall and clever son, he would forgive me all my sin in thinking ever to be his wife. Oh, Thomas! I was too young to know it. If I could but see him once, just once!'

"How all this drove me, no tongue can tell. But I never let her know it, I only said: 'Mother, he shall come and see you, if he ever sees anybody more!' And she trusted me and was satisfied. She only said: 'Take my picture, Thomas, to remind him of the happy time, and his pledge to me inside of it.' And she gave me what she had kept for years in a bag of chamois-leather, the case of which I spoke before; which even in our hardest times she would never send to the pawn-shop.

"The rest is simple enough. I swore by the God, or the Devil, who made me, that this black-hearted man should yield either his arrogance or his life. I followed him to the Moon valley, and fate ordained that I should meet him where he forswore himself to my mother; on that very plank where he had breathed his deadly lies, he breathed his last. Would you like to hear all about it?"

For answer I only bowed my head. His calm, methodical way of telling his tale, like a common adventure with a dog, was more shocking than any fury.

"Then it was this. I watched him from the Moonstock Inn to a house in the village, where he dined with company; and I did not even know that it was the house of his son, your father; so great a gulf is fixed between the legitimate and the bastard! He had crossed the wooden bridge in going, and was sure to cross it in coming back. How he could tread those planks without contrition and horror—but never mind. I resolved to bring him to a quiet parley there, and I waited in the valley.

"The night was soft, and dark in patches where the land or wood closed in; and the stream was brown and threw no light, though the moon was on the uplands. Time and place alike were fit for our little explanation. The path wound down the meadow towards me, and I knew that he must come. My firm intention was to spare him, if he gave me a chance of it; but he never had the manners to do that.

"Here I waited, with the cold leaves fluttering around me, until I heard a firm, slow step coming down the narrow path. Then a figure appeared in a stripe of moonlight, and stopped, and rested on a staff.

Perhaps his lordship's mind went back some five-and-thirty years, to times when he told pretty stories here; and perhaps he laughed to himself to think how well he had got out of it. Whatever his meditations were, I let him have them out, and waited.

"If he had even sighed I might have felt more kindness towards him; but he only gave something between a cough and a grunt, and I clearly heard him say: 'Gout to-morrow morning! what the devil did I drink port wine for?' He struck the ground with his stick and came onward, thinking far more of his feet than heart.

"Then, as he planted one foot gingerly on the timber and stayed himself, I leaped along the bridge and met him, and without a word looked at him. The moon was topping the crest of the hills and threw my shadow upon him, the last that ever fell upon his body to its knowledge.

"'Fellow, out of the way!' he cried, with a most commanding voice and air, though only too well he knew me; and my wrath against him began to rise.

"'You pass not here, and you never make another live step on this earth,' I said, as calmly as now I speak, 'unless you obey my orders.'

"He saw his peril, but he had courage—perhaps his only virtue. 'Fool! whoever you are,' he shouted, that his voice might fetch him help; 'none of these moonstruck ways with me! If you want to rob me, try it!'

"'You know too well who I am,' I answered, as he made to push me back. 'Lord Castlewood, here you have the choice—to lick the dust, or be dust! Here you forswore yourself, here you pay for perjury. On this plank you knelt to poor Winifred Hoyle, whom you ruined and cast by; and now on this plank you shall kneel to her son and swear to obey him—or else you die!'

"In spite of all his pride, he trembled as if I had been Death himself, instead of his own dear eldest son.

"'What do you want?' As he asked, he laid one hand on the rickety rail and shook it, and the dark old tree behind him shook. 'How much will satisfy you?'

"'Miser, none of your money for us! it is too late for your half-crowns! We must have a little of what you have grudged—having none to spare—your honour. My demands are simple, and only two. My mother is fool enough to yearn for one more sight of your false face; you will come with me and see her.'

"'And if I yield to that, what next?'

"The next thing is a trifle to a nobleman like you. Here I have, in this blue trinket (false gems and false gold, of course), your solemn signature to a lie. At the foot of that you will have the truth to write "I am a perjured liar!" and proudly sign it "Castlewood," in the presence of two witnesses. This cannot hurt your feelings much, and it need not be expensive!'

"Fury flashed in his bright old eyes, but he strove to check its outbreak. The gleanings of life, after threescore years, was better, in such

lordly fields, than the whole of the harvest we get. He knew that I had him all to myself, to indulge my filial affection.

" You have been misled ; you have never heard the truth ; you have only heard your mother's story. Allow me to go back, and to sit in a dry place—I am tired, and no longer young—you are bound to hear my tale as well. I passed a dry stump just now, I will go back : there is no fear of interruption." My lord was talking against time.

" From this bridge you do not budge until you have gone on your knees, and sworn what I shall dictate to you ; this time it shall be no perjury. Here I hold your cursed pledge——"

" He struck at me, or at the locket—no matter which—but it flew away. My right arm was crippled by his heavy stick ; but I am left-handed, as a bastard should be. From my left hand he took his death, and I threw the pistol after him : such love had he earned from his love-child ! "

Thomas Castlewood, or Hoyle, or whatever else his name was, here broke off from his miserable words, and, forgetting all about my presence, set his gloomy eyes on the ground. Lightly he might try to speak, but there was no lightness in his mind, and no spark of light in his poor dead soul. Being so young, and unacquainted with the turns of life-worn mind, I was afraid to say a word except to myself ; and to myself I only said : " The man is mad, poor fellow ; and no wonder ! "

The sun was setting, not upon the vast Pacific from desert heights, but over the quiet hills and through the soft valleys of tame England ; and, different as the whole scene was, a certain other sad and fearful sunset lay before me. The fall of night upon my dying father and his helpless child, the hour of anguish and despair ! Here at last was the cause of all laid horribly before me ; and the pity deeply moving me passed into cold abhorrence. But the man was lost in his own visions.

" So in your savage wrath," I said, " you killed your own father ; and in your fright, left mine to bear the brunt of it."

He raised his dark eyes heavily, and his thoughts were far astray from mine. He did not know what I had said, though he knew that I had spoken. The labour of calling to mind and telling his treatment of his father, had worked upon him so much that he could not freely shift attention.

" I came for something, something that can be only had from you," he said, " and only since your cousin's death, and something most important. But will you believe me ? it is wholly gone, gone from mind and memory ! "

" I am not surprised at that," I answered, looking at his large wan face, and while I did so, losing half my horror in strange sadness ; " whatever it is, I will do it for you ; only let me know by post."

" I see what you mean—not to come any more ; you are right about that, for certain. But your father was good to me, and I loved him ; though I had no right to love any one. My letter will show that I wronged him never. The weight of the world is off my mind since I

have told you everything ; you can send me to the gallows, if you think fit, but leave it till my mother dies. Good-bye, poor child ; I have spoiled your life, but only by chance consequence, not in murder-birth—as I was born."

Before I could answer or call him back, if I even wished to do so, he was far away, with his long, quiet stride ; and, like his life, his shadow fell, chilling, sombre, cast away.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### BRUNTSEA DEFIENT.

THUS at last—by no direct exertion of my own, but by turn after turn of things, to which I blindly gave my little help—the mystery of my life was solved. Many things yet remained to be fetched up to focus, and seen round ; but the point of points was settled.

Of all concerned, my father alone stood blameless and heroic. What tears of shame and pride I shed, for ever having doubted him ! Not doubting his innocence of the crime itself, but his motives for taking it upon him. I had been mean enough to dream that my dear father outraged justice to conceal his own base birth !

That ever such thought should have entered my mind, may not make me charitable to the wicked thoughts of the world at large ; but at any rate, it ought to do so. And the man in question, my own father, who had starved himself to save me ! Better had I been the most illegal child ever issued into this cold world, than dare to think so of my father, and then find him the model of everything.

To hide the perjury, avarice, and cowardice of his father, and to appease the bitter wrong, he had even bowed to take the dark suspicion on himself, until his wronged and half-sane brother (to whom, moreover, he owed his life) should have time to fly from England. No doubt he blamed himself as much as he condemned the wretched criminal, because he had left his father so long unwarned and so unguarded, and had thoughtlessly used light words about him, which fell not lightly on a stern distempered mind. Hence, perhaps, the exclamation, which had told against him so.

And then, when he broke jail—which also told against him terribly—to revisit his shattered home, it is likely enough that he meant after that to declare the truth, and stand his trial, as a man should do. But his wife, perhaps, in her poor weak state, could not endure the thought of it, knowing how often jury is injury, and seeing all the weight against him. She naturally pledged him to pursue his flight "for her sake ;" until she should be better able to endure his trial, and until he should have more than his own pure word and character to show. And probably if he had then been tried, with so many things against him, and no production of that poor brother, his tale would have seemed but a flimsy

invention, and "guilty" would have been the verdict. And they could not know that, in such case, the guilty man would have come forward, as we shall see that he meant to do.

When my father heard of his dear wife's death, and believed, no doubt, that I was buried with the rest, the gloom of a broken and fated man, like Polar night, settled down on him. What matter to him about public opinion, or anything else in the world just now? The sins of his father were on his head; let them rest there, rather than be trumpeted by him. He had nothing to care for; let him wander about. And so he did for several years, until I became a treasure to him—for parental is not intrinsic value—and then for my sake, as now appeared, he betook us both to a large kind land.

Revolving these things sadly, and a great many more which need not be told, I thought it my duty to go as soon as possible to Bruntsea, and tell my good and faithful friends what I was loth to write about. There, moreover, I could obtain what I wanted to confirm me—the opinion of an upright, law-abiding, honourable man, about the course I proposed to take. And there I might hear something more, as to a thing which had troubled me much in the deepest of my own troubles—the melancholy plight of dear Uncle Sam. Wild and absurd as it may appear to people of no gratitude, my heart was set upon faring forth in search of the noble Sawyer; if only it could be reconciled with my duty here in England. That such a proceeding would avail but little, seemed now, alas, too manifest; but a plea of that kind generally means that we have no mind to do a thing.

Be that as it will, I made what my dear Yankees—to use the Major's impertinent phrase—call "straight tracks," for that ancient and obsolete town, rejuvenised now by its Signor. The cause of my good friend's silence—not to use that affected word "reticence"—was quite unknown to me, and disturbed my spirit with futile guesses.

Resolute therefore to pierce the bottom of every surviving mystery, I made claim upon "Mr. Stixon, junior,"—as "Stixon's boy" had now vindicated his right to be called, up to supper-time—and he with high chivalry responded. Not yet was he wedded to Miss Polly Hopkins, the daughter of the pickled porkman; otherwise would he, or could he have made telegraphic blush at the word "Bruntsea?" And would he have been quite so eager to come?

Such things are trifling, compared to our own, which naturally fill the universe. I was bound to be a great lady now, and patronise, and regulate, and drill all the doings of nature. So I durst not even ask, though desiring much to do so, how young Mr. Stixon was getting on with his delightful Polly. And his father, as soon as he found me turned into the Mistress, and "his lady" (as he would have me called thenceforth, whether or no, on my part), not another word would he tell me of the household sentiments, politics, or romances. It would have been thought a thing beneath me to put any nice little questions now; and I

was obliged to take up the tone which others used towards me. But all the while, I longed for freedom, Uncle Sam, Suan Isco, and even Martin of the Mill.

Law-business, however, and other hindrances, kept me from starting at once for Bruntsea, impatient as I was to do so. Indeed, it was not until the morning of the last Saturday in November that I was able to get away. The weather had turned to much rain, I remember, with two or three tempestuous nights, and the woods were almost bare of leaves, and the Thames looked brown and violent.

In the fly from Newport to Bruntsea, I heard great rollers thundering heavily upon the steep bar of shingle, and such a lake of water shone in the old bed of the river, that I quite believed at first that the Major had carried out his grand idea, and brought the river back again. But the fly-man shook his head, and looked very serious, and told me that he feared bad times were coming. What I saw was the work of the Lord in heaven, and no man could prevail against it. He had always said, though no concern of his—for he belonged to Newport—that even a British officer could not fly in the face of the Almighty. He himself had a brother on the works, regular employed, and drawing good money, and proud enough about it; and the times he had told him across a pint of ale—howsomever our place was to hope for the best; but the top of the springs was not come yet, and a pilot out of Newport told him the water was making uncommon strong; but he did hope the wind had nigh blowed itself out; if not, they would have to look blessed sharp tomorrow. He had heard say, that in time of Queen Elizabeth six score of houses was washed clean away, and the river itself knocked right into the sea; and a thing as had been once might just come to pass again, though folk was all so clever now they thought they wor above it. But for all that their grandfathers' goggles might fit them. But here we was in Bruntsea-town, and bless his old eyes—yes! If I pleased to look along his whip, I might see ancient pilot come, he did believe, to warn of them!

Following his guidance, I descried a stout old man, in a sailor's dress, weather-proof hat, and long boots, standing on a low sea-wall and holding vehement converse with some Bruntsea boatmen and fishermen who were sprawling on the stones as usual.

"Driver, you know him. Take the lower road," I said, "and ask what his opinion is."

"No need to ask him," the flyman answered; "old Banks would never be here, Miss, if he was of two opinions. He hath come to fetch his daughter out of harm, I doubt, the wife of that there Bishop Jim, they call him—the chap with two nails to his thumb, you know. Would you like to hear how they all take it, Miss?"

With these words he turned to the right, and drove into Major Hockin's "Sea-parade." There we stopped to hear what was going on, and it proved to be well worth our attention. The old pilot perhaps had

exhausted reason, and now was beginning to give way to wrath. The afternoon was deepening fast, with heavy grey clouds lowering, showing no definite edge, but streaked with hazy lines, and spotted by some little murky blurs or blots, like tar-pots, carried slowly.

"Hath Noah's Ark ever told a lie?" the ancient pilot shouted, pointing with one hand at these, and with a clenched fist at the sea, whence came puffs of sullen air, and turned his gray locks backward. "Mackerel sky when the sun got up, mermaiden's eggs at noon, and now afore sunset Noah's Arks! Any of them breweth a gale of wind, and the three of them bodes a tempest. And the top of the springs of the year to-morrow—are ye daft, or all gone upon the spree, my men? Your fathers would a' knowed what the new moon meant; is this all that cometh out of larning to read?"

"Have a pinch of 'bacco, old man," said one, "to help you off with that stiff reel. What consarn can he be of yourn?"

"Don't you be put out, mate," cried another; "never came sea as could top that bar, and never will in our time. Go and caulk your old leaky craft, Master Banks."

"We have rode out a good many gales, without seeking prophet from Newport—a place never heerd on, when this old town was made."

"Come and whet your old whistle at the 'Hockin Arms,' Banks. You must want it after that long pipe."

"'Hockin Arms' indeed!" the pilot answered, turning away in a rage from them; "what Hockin Arms will there be this time to-morrow? Hocking legs wanted, more likely, and Hockin wings, perhaps. And you poor grinning ninnies, as ought to have four legs, ye'll be praying that ye had them to-morrow. However, ye've had warning, and ye can't blame me. The power of the Lord is in the air and sea. Is this the sort of stuff ye trust in?"

He set one foot against our Major's wall—an action scarcely honest, while it was so green—and, coming from a hale and very thick-set man, the contemptuous push sent a fathom of it outwards. Rattle, rattle went the new patent concrete, starting up the lazy-pated fellows down below.

"You'll try the walls of a jail," cried one. "You go to Noah's Ark," shouted another; the rest bade him go to a place much worse; but he buttoned his jacket in disdain, and marched away without spoiling the effect by any more weak words.

"Right you are," cried my flyman; "right you are, Master Banks. Them lubbers will sing another song to-morrow. Gee up, old hoss, then!"

All this, and the ominous scowl of the sky and menacing roar of the sea (already crowding with black rollers), disturbed me so that I could say nothing, until at the corner of the grand new hotel we met Major Hockin himself, attired in a workman's loose jacket, and carrying a shovel. He was covered with mud and dried flakes of froth, and even his short

white whiskers were encrusted with sparkles of brine; but his face was ruddy and smiling, and his manner as hearty as ever.

" You here, Erema ! Oh, I beg pardon, Baroness Castlewood; if you please. My dear, again I congratulate you."

" You have as little cause to do that, as I fear I can find in your case. You have no news for me from America ? How sad ! But what a poor plight you yourself are in ! "

" Not a bit of it ! At first sight you might think so ; and we certainly have had a very busy time. Send back the fly. Leave your bag at our hotel. Porter, be quick with Lady Castlewood's luggage. One piece of luck befalls me—to receive so often this beautiful hand. What a lot of young fellows now would die of envy—"

" I am glad that you still can talk nonsense," I said ; " for I truly was frightened at this great lake, and so many of your houses even standing in the water ! "

" It will do them good. It will settle the foundations, and crystallise the mortar. They will look twice as well when they come out again, and never have rats or black beetles. We were foolish enough to be frightened at first ; and there may have been danger a fortnight ago. But since that tide we have worked day and night, and everything is now so stable that fear is simply ridiculous. On the whole, it has been a most excellent thing. Quite the making, in fact, of Bruntsea."

" Then Bruntsea must be made of water," I replied, gazing sadly at the gulf which parted us from the Sea Parade, the Lyceum, and Baths, the Bastion-Promenade, and so on ; beyond all which the streaky turmoil and misty scud of the waves were seen.

" Made of beer more likely," he retorted, with a laugh. " If my fellows worked like horses—which they did—they also drank like fishes. Their mouths were so dry with the pickle, they said. But the total abstainers were the worst, being out of practice with the can. However, let us make no complaints. We ought to be truly thankful ; and I shall miss the exercise. That is why you have heard so little from me. You see the position at a glance. I have never been to Paris at all, Erema. I have not rubbed up my parleywoo, with a blast from Mr. Bellows. I was stopped by a telegram about this job—*acrior illum*—I had some Latin once, quite enough for the House of Commons, but it all oozed out at my elbows ; and to ladies (by some superstition) it is rude—though they treat us to bad French enough. Never mind ; what I want to say is this, that I have done nothing, but respected your sad trouble—for you took a wild fancy to that poor bed-ridden, who never did you a stroke of good, except about Cosmopolitan Jack, and whose removal has come at the very nick of time ; for what could you have done for money, with the Yankees cutting each other's throats, and your nugget quite sure to be annexed ; or at the very best, squared up in greenbacks ? "

" You ought not to speak so, Major Hockin. If all your plans were not under water, I should be quite put out with you. My cousin was

not bed-ridden ; neither was he at all incapable, as you have called him once or twice. He was an infinitely superior man to—to what one generally sees ; and when you have heard what I have to tell, in his place you would have done just as he did. And as for money, and ‘happy release’—as the people who never want it for themselves express it—such words simply sicken me ; at great times, they are so sordid.”

“What is there in this world that is not sordid—to the young, in one sense ; and to the old in another ?”

Major Hockin so seldom spoke in this didactic way, and I was so unable to make it out, that having expected some tiff on his part at my juvenile arrogance, I was just in the mould for a deep impression from sudden stamp of philosophy. I had nothing to say in reply ; and he went up in my opinion greatly.

He knew it ; and he said with touching kindness, “Erema, come and see your dear Aunt Mary. She has had an attack of rheumatic gout in her thimble-finger, and her maids have worried her out of her life, and by far the most brilliant of her cocks (worth 20*l.* they tell me) breathed his last on Sunday night, with gapes, or croup, or something. This is why you have not heard again from her. I have been in the trenches day and night, stoning out the sea with his own stones, by a new form of concrete discovered by myself. And unless I am very much mistaken—in fact, I do not hesitate to say—but such things are not in your line at all. Let us go up to the house. Our job is done ; and I think Master Neptune may pound away in vain. I have got a new range in the kitchen now, partly of my own invention ; you can roast, or bake, or steam, or stew, or frizzle kabobs—all by turning a screw. And not only that, but you can keep things hot, piping hot, and ripening as it were, better than when they first were done. Instead of any burnt iron taste, or scum on the gravy, or clottyness, they mellow by waiting, and make their own sauce. If I ever have time I shall patent this invention ; why, you may burn brick-dust in it, bath-brick, hearthstone, or potsherds ! At any hour of the day or night while the sea is in this condition, I may want my dinner ; and there we have it. We say grace immediately, and down we sit. Let us take it by surprise, if it can be taken so. Up through my chief drive, instanter ! I think that I scarcely ever felt more hungry. The thought of that range always sets me off. And one of its countless beauties is the noble juicy fragrance.”

Major Hockin certainly possessed the art—so meritorious in a host—of making people hungry ; and we mounted the hill with alacrity, after passing his letter-box which reminded me of the mysterious lady. He pointed to “Desolate Hole,” as he called it, and said that he believed she was there still, though she never came out now to watch their house. And a man of dark and repelling aspect had been seen once or twice by his workmen, during the time of their night relays, rapidly walking towards Desolate Hole. How any one could live in such a place, with the roar and the spray of the sea, as it had been, at the very door, and,

through the windows, some people might understand, but not the Major.

Good Mrs. Hockin received me with her usual warmth and kindness, and scolded me for having failed to write more to her, as all people seem to do when conscious of having neglected that duty themselves. Then she showed me her thimble-finger, which certainly was a little swollen ; and then she poured forth her gratitude for her many blessings, as she always did after any little piece of grumbling. And I told her that if at her age I were only a quarter as pleasant and sweet of temper, I should consider myself a blessing to any man.

After dinner, my host produced the locket, which he had kept for the purpose of showing it to the artist's son in Paris, and which he admired so intensely that I wished it were mine to bestow on him. Then I told him that, through a thing wholly unexpected—the confession of the criminal himself, no journey to Paris was needful now. I repeated that strange and gloomy tale, to the loud accompaniment of a rising wind and roaring sea, while both my friends listened intently.

"Now what can have led him so to come to you?" they asked ; "and what do you mean to do about it?"

"He came to me, no doubt, to propose some bargain, which could not be made in my cousin's lifetime. But the telling of his tale made him feel so strange, that he really could not remember what it was. As to what I am to do, I must beg for your opinion ; such a case is beyond my decision." Mrs. Hockin began to reply, but stopped, looking dutifully at her lord.

"There is no doubt what you are bound to do, at least in one way," the Major said ; "you are a British subject, I suppose, and you must obey the laws of the country. A man has confessed to you a murder—no matter whether it was committed twenty years ago, or two minutes ; no matter whether it was a savage, cold-blooded, premeditated crime, or whether there were things to palliate it. Your course is the same ; you must hand him over. In fact, you ought never to have let him go."

"How could I help it?" I pleaded, with surprise ; "it was impossible for me to hold him."

"Then you should have shot him with his own pistol. He offered it to you. You should have grasped it, pointed it at his heart, and told him that he was a dead man if he stirred."

"Aunt Mary, would you have done that?" I asked. "It is so easy to talk of fine things. But in the first place, I had no wish to stop him ; and in the next I could not, if I had."

"My dear," Mrs. Hockin replied, perceiving my distress at this view of the subject, "I should have done exactly what you did. If the laws of this country ordain that women are to carry them out against great strong men, who after all have been sadly injured, why it proves that women ought to make the laws, which to my mind is simply ridiculous."

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